

B V

2775

.A6

JACK- OF-ALL-TRADES

BY MARGARET T. APPLGARTH





Class BV8775

Book .A6

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

"JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES"

INTERDENOMINATIONAL
HOME MISSION STUDY COURSE

Each volume 12 mo, cloth, 57c. (postpaid) ; paper, 40c.
(postpaid)

- UNDER OUR FLAG. By Alice M. Guernsey.
- THE CALL OF THE WATERS. By Katharine R. Crowell.
- FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT. By Mary Helm.
- CONSERVATION OF NATIONAL IDEALS. A Symposium.
- MORMONISM, THE ISLAM OF AMERICA. By Bruce Kinney, D.D.
- THE NEW AMERICA. By Mary Clark Barnes and Dr. L. C. Barnes.
- AMERICA, GOD'S MELTING POT. By Laura Gerould Craig.
Paper, net 25c. (postage extra).
- IN RED MAN'S LAND. A Study of the American Indian. By Francis E. Leupp.
- HOME MISSIONS IN ACTION. By Edith H. Allen.
- OLD SPAIN IN NEW AMERICA. By Robert McLean, D.D. and Grace Petrie Williams.
- MISSIONARY MILESTONES. By Margaret R. Seebach.
- THE PATH OF LABOR. A Symposium.

JUNIOR COURSE

Cloth, 45c. (postpaid); paper, 29c. (postpaid).

- BEST THINGS IN AMERICA. By Katharine R. Crowell.
- SOME IMMIGRANT NEIGHBORS. By John R. Henry, D.D.
- GOODBIRD THE INDIAN. By Gilbert L. Wilson.
- COMRADES FROM OTHER LANDS. By Leila Allen Dimock.
- ALL ALONG THE TRAIL. By Sarah Gertrude Pomeroy.
- CHILDREN OF THE LIGHTHOUSE. By Charles L. White.
- BEARERS OF THE TORCH. By Katharine R. Crowell.
- JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES. By Margaret Applegarth.



"God give us eyes to read
in the smoke of the factory
chimneys the lives of the
Unseen People"

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES

By

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

(*Author of* "Missionary Helps for Junior Children";

"Fifty-two Primary Missionary Stories";

"Fifty-two Junior Missionary Stories")

Illustrated by

JULIE C. PRATT



COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BV2775
A6

Copyright, 1918
Council of Women for Home Missions
New York



FEB 25 1919

©CL A512602

no. 1.

CONTENTS

PREFACE

"A SECRET BETWEEN OURSELVES"

CHAPTER I	PAGE
"JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES" (Or, The People Who Work for Us)	11
CHAPTER II	
"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" (Or, How Some Working People Live) . . .	23
CHAPTER III	
"LITTLE JACK HORNER" (Or, How We Get Our Clothes)	37
CHAPTER IV	
"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (Or, How We Get Our Food)	51
CHAPTER V	
"JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER" (Or, How We Get Our Coal)	63
CHAPTER VI	
"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL Boy" (Or, How to Help the Children Who Work)	75

PICTURES

	PAGE
Frontispiece—"God Give Us Eyes to Read in the Smoke of the Factory Chimneys the Lives of the Unseen People."	✓
The Training of Hand and Eye Must Supplement "Book Learning" to Make a Well Rounded Man	38 ✓
"Wherewithal Shall We Be Clothed?"	48 ✓
"Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread"	56 ✓
Paradise Alley—No Sun, No Frontyard, No Grass, No Place for Play	75 ✓
"Extry! All About the Big Fire!"	80 ✓

A SECRET BETWEEN OURSELVES!

GROWN-UP People generally have a page at the front of their books called The Preface, really a very important part of the book where the author pretends to turn around from his desk, stick his pen behind his ear and talk in a chummy heart-to-heart way with the reader, explaining his point-of-view! But Grown-up People hardly ever read these explanations, I find,—perhaps because they are in such a hurry to discover what chapter one says!

So I do not dare call this page a Preface, for fear you, too, will skip it; but we all love sharing a real secret, don't we? Especially a big important secret that so many people in America know nothing about.

My secret reminds me of the old-fashioned fairy story about a little old cobbler who fell asleep almost every evening when he should have been finishing shoes for his customers; he knew perfectly well that he had been asleep, and yet when he woke up with a start, there in his hands would always be a brand new pair of shoes, all ready to wear! The strangest part of it was that they were much better shoes than he could possibly make himself. Every time, he used to shake his dear old white head, and wonder and wonder how they got there!

So one night he closed his eyes and only *pretended* to be asleep. It was not long before there were footsteps as light as feathers, and little voices as soft as music

laughing all around him; then *tap-tap-i-tap* came little hammers, and *scrootch-scrootch-i-scrootch* sounded little scissors cutting into the soft leather. The cobbler squinted ever so carefully through his eyelashes, and there, to his astonishment, all around him sat a circle of funny little brown goblins, with wrinkled faces, working away for dear life, making his shoes.

"Who are you?" he called.

You should have seen them drop their hammers and scissors, and start to scamper away!

"Oh, we are the Unseen People," one of the braver goblins said, his wrinkled face quite pale at being found out. "We are some of your Other Half."

"*My Other Half?*" gasped the cobbler, bewildered, "who are they?"

"They are Jacks-of-all-Trades," whispered the goblin, "they do the things for you that you can't do for yourself. They feed you, and clothe you, and house you, and warm you, and amuse you, and carry you wherever you want to go!"

"Tut! Tut!" said the cobbler, "why, dear me, I never knew I had another Half before, I thought I was a *whole*, all by myself! Why did I never hear of this before?"

The goblin crept up very close to him: "It is the World's Secret, Sir, and only those who peep through their eyelashes with curiosity and gratitude ever find out!"

Now of course you and I know that fairy stories are nearly always *almost* true; for instance, this World

Secret is an actual fact, for every single one of us has a circle of really-truly, flesh-and-blood Unseen People around us, doing things for us day and night: our Other Half, whom one by one I want to introduce to you in this little book as

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES

SO NOW PLEASE SQUINT THROUGH YOUR EYELASHES WITH CURIOSITY AND GRATITUDE AND READ CHAPTER

N
E
1

I

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.

THERE are three things you do every single day, I'm sure: You *wear* something, you *eat* something, and you *live* somewhere, don't you?

It seems so simple to jump out of bed and hop into a few clothes, and eat a little breakfast, but oh dear me! It isn't nearly so simple for Jack-of-all-Trades! You and I keep him just rushing and rushing and rushing, from the time he gets up, yawning (hours and hours before we do, when even the *sun* is hardly awake!) until he wearily drops into bed at night (hours and hours after we have gone to the Land of Nod).

Nothing is as simple for Jack-of-all-Trades as it seems to be. For instance, when you look at a Boy, he really isn't just Boy to you, he's also:

Hat,
Collar,
Necktie,
Coat,
Shirts,
Buttons,
Belt,
Trousers,
Pockets (marbles, knife,
handkerchief, ETC!),
Stockings,
Shoes,

and there's a perfectly fascinating story about some unknown "Jack" behind every single one of those things a Boy wears.

Shoes, for example: Long before shoes *were* shoes, they were frisking around as the *skin* on some animal's back, and probably a western cowboy in sombrero and shaggy lamb's wool trousers led an exciting life lassoing and pasturing that particular animal, which was finally taken to the stockyards and killed. So "Good-bye, Cowboy and Butcher," and "How-do-you-do Mr. Leather Worker," who now takes that skin and "cures" it, until it becomes pliable and firm enough for comfortable shoes. Then "Good-bye Mr. Leather Worker," and "How-do-you-do Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Shoemakers in a shoe factory," who each had a share in making our Boy's shoes.

For nowadays there are very few shoemakers who cut out a shoe and make it up complete and ready to wear, all by themselves, but in factories,—

*"It takes dozens of workers to make a shoe
Because of the piece work they each must do."*

It's this way: one man cuts out the leather, then passes out the parts to the next person who sews up one part; another person sews up another part, someone else lines it, someone punches in the eyelets, another person cuts out the soles for someone else to sew up. Then somebody sews the sole part to the foot part of the shoe. Next the number is stamped on, someone shines it, somebody else strings in the laces (made by an unknown somebody else!), then it is put in a shoe box, made in a box factory by young girls. So that including the clerk at the shoe store and the delivery man who brought it to the Boy's home it took fully a hundred busy workers to make his shoes; and if his grateful mother should decide to hold

a little reception to thank these Unseen People for making her Boy such a comfortable pair of \$3.98 shoes, I don't believe her parlor would be big enough to hold all of them! I really don't!

And how astonished the Boy's mother would be at the different kinds of people who would stamp awkwardly into the parlor. Half of them would seem to be tonguetied, for Jack-of-all-Trades often can't speak English. For instance, there would be Jack from Sweden, called Johann Johnson, who cut out the shoe soles. Quite a giant he is, blond, with hair as golden as sunshine and eyes as blue as the sky. Johann has a family of dear little Johanns and Olafs and Sophies whom he brought over from Sweden in a ship four years ago. They were all dreadfully excited about it, for they had been very poor in Sweden, and Papa Johann said he was going to get ever so rich in America. He does earn much more money cutting out shoe soles than he did on his farm in Sweden, but it's rather tiresome to see nothing but shoe-soles, shoe-soles, shoe-soles, all day long!

When he first began working in the factory, being tall, he could look out of the high windows at the blue sky with fleecy clouds scampering across it. Even through the factory smoke he knew what that blueness was like! It made him think of the frisky lambs on his little farm in Sweden, and the smell of fresh-cut hay—— then bang! How Papa Johann jumped, as the foreman slapped him roughly on the arm, and said crossly: "Quit yer dreamin' and git busy there, will ye?" So then it had to be shoe-soles, shoe-soles, rush, rush, minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year.

But you see I have wandered 'way off from the party the Boy's mother might give at which the guests would

be ill at ease, because some of them knew English so poorly. There would be Jack from Portugal, Jaõs by name, who shines the shoes; and Jack from France, Jean by name, whose special job is heels. You can't imagine anything less exciting than making several thousand heels every single day of your life. It hunches Jean's shoulders over into an ugly hump and a tired frown lives right between his eyes on his white forehead. There would be Jack from Germany, Hans by name, who cares for the machinery, and a great many of the Jacks would be women and girls! But both the Boy and his Mother would discover that girls who make shoes are exactly as nice, and as pretty, and get as tired doing monotonous hum-drum jobs, as girls anywhere!

Perhaps you can just imagine that if the Shoe-Jacks crowd the parlor to the last inch, then if the Boy's Mother should also invite the unseen stocking weavers, the trousers, coat and shirt makers, and all the other Jacks who make belts, collars, neckties, hats and buttons, her entire house would be simply *overflowing* with people.

I could tell you about them separately, but surely your arithmetic is good enough to figure, off hand, that a circle of at least a thousand Unseen People work industriously around any Boy to keep him in clothes. And because *girls'* clothes are fluffier and prettier and lacier, it takes even more busy Unseen Workers to keep a girl dressed! So I hope whenever you put on your clothes in the morning, or take them off at night, you will look with new eyes at such everyday things as buttons and buttonholes and collars, and remember to pray the little prayer found at the close of this chapter.

Now let's put on our "pretend" bonnets and make believe that you and I are eating breakfast together at your house, and that everything we eat will be served to us

by the Jacks-of-all-Trades who prepared it for us. I've chosen breakfast because it's a *short* meal in your home, isn't it?

Suppose we have an orange first.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Here come the American workers from California who raised the oranges, the Japanese pickers who picked them, the Greek boy who wrapped them in tissue paper, the Chinaman who packed them in boxes, the Irishman who shipped them, the Scotch freightman who carried them, the Jewish delicatessen man who sold them, the German delivery boy who handed them to your mother at the kitchen door. Twenty-five persons, *at the very least*, helped give us our two little oranges!

Then how about the cereal? Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! In comes the Dutch farmer who raised the grain, the Bohemian reaper who cut it down, the Norwegian miller who ground it, the Croatian factory "hands" who prepared it specially for breakfast use, with about seven extra carriers and assistants and wrapping clerks, not to mention the Italian girls in the box factory who made the box, and the Poles who put the printing on it. I'm afraid your mother won't like to see the twenty-five or more cereal-Jacks stalking around her dining-room table with our cereal. Then right on their heels come at least ten persons with the cream: the farmer who owns the cow, the milker who milked her, the person who "separated" the cream from the milk, the girl who put the milk in bottles, the girl who flipped the pasteboard lids in the bottles, the milkman who left them at your door in the wee small hours of this dark morning—and, hardest of all, those tired, thin, wan little fellows in the glass factory who made the bottles: "The 'cracker-off' boy, who deftly taps from the blower's pipe the 'circle' of glass dangling

from the end of the blown glass; the '*holding-mold*' boy, who opens and shuts the mold; the '*snapping-up*' boy, who takes the unnecked ware and holds it to the '*glory-hole*' in the furnace to reheat it so that the '*carry-in*' boy can rush it to the finisher, where another boy races with it to the annealing oven to temper it for packing. Every motion is hurried; every boy is a darting automaton in his little rat-run of service. No halting; no lagging, no resting; nothing waits."* And whatever the temperature outdoors, the "snap-up" boy works where it is *140 degrees*,—so we won't enjoy seeing the poor bottle-making boys trudge pass us shivering at the sudden change of temperature.

And next, oh dear me! an *endless* parade of Sugar People: some very quaint brown-skinned Spaniards from Cuba, with wide-brimmed hats, bare feet and gay sashes around their waists. Juan (pronounced Huan) is the Cuban "Jack" who leads this procession; he and his brothers went out in the Cuban fields one day to cut down the tall sugar cane stalks, which other Cuban men then carried away on donkeys to the big sugar factories, where after days and weeks "things" happened to the sugar canes, until they became sugar; this was put in sacks and barrels, and brought to us by steamer, then by train. Several hundred persons will march around the table with our sugar, most of them Cubans who have never been in the United States before. But Juan knows all about us, because one of our Missionaries ("Señorita," he calls her) teaches his little son, Juan, and his daughter Juanita, in our very own mission school there.

By this time you will say: "Oh, please don't let's have any more people serve us this morning, I'm going to be *dreadfully* late for school, already!"

But your wise mother insists on bread and butter and

* See page 63 "Children in Bondage," by Edwin Markham.

an egg, so Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! In come fifty or more Bread-Providers, including the Danish prairie farmer who raised the wheat, the American miller who ground it, the Lithuanian sacker who sacked it, the Polish weaver who wove the sack, the English shipper who shipped it, the German yeast cake men who made the yeast. Next come the Butter-Makers,—the farmer who owns the cow, the milker, the churner, the grocer, and several dozen helpers! And last of all the Egg-People,—the farmer's wife who owned the hens, the boys who found the eggs, the factory girls who made the egg boxes, the grocer and the delivery man.

"Now, thank goodness, they *are* all gone!" you say, as you hastily crack the egg-shell! But immediately will come trooping in another procession of the Salt- and Pepper-Makers; and then, because you are too civilized to eat with your fingers, or cook with a bent stick, along will march an endless line of Silver-Knife-Fork-and-Spoon-Makers; Cup-Saucer-and-Plate-Potters; Napkin-and-Table-cloth-Weavers; some "glass" boys who made the tumblers, the egg cups and the salt and pepper holders; miners who got us tin, factory "hands" who made the tin into pots and pans and spoons for kitchen use; other miners who got us iron, foundry-workers who made the iron into steel, stove men who made it into stoves, and last of all, lumber-jacks who cut down giant trees from the woods, and furniture-makers who fashioned the logs into chairs and tables and side-boards!

Isn't it *overcoming* to know that for a simple little ten-minute breakfast it has taken thousands and thousands of Jacks-of-all-Trades? If they really and truly *should* walk around your dining-room table, your mother would get very much provoked at the tremendous dust they would raise and the muddy foot-prints they would leave;

and after they were all gone, I very much fear she would find that foot-prints were about all they *did* leave behind them,—for don't you imagine the carpet would be worn entirely threadbare?

But besides what you *wear*, made by thousands of workers, and what you *eat*, prepared by still more thousands of people, there is

THE LITTLE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN!

A house isn't just a collection of stone, brick, wood and plaster, with a nickel doorbell and a brass number on the porch, is it? No, a house is also:

Windows,
Curtains,
Wall Paper,
Stoves,
Furniture,
Carpets,
Books,
Pictures,
Dishes,
Glasses,
Mirrors,
Tinware,
Electric wires,
Gas pipes,
Water pipes,

and ever so many other little every-day conveniences like hooks and nails, curtain-rods, coat-hangers, telephones, carpet sweepers, victrolas, pianos, etc.—each one of which uses a hundred or more people for the making of it. That means about fifty thousand unseen people who work in a circle around you to give you the little house you call “home.”

But these three every-day jobs of *dressing*, and *eating*,

and *living* at home aren't all there is in life, of course, for there are such things as toys and trains and trolley cars, boats and automobiles and bicycles, office buildings and churches and schools, streets and pavements and sewers, railroad tracks and telegraph poles and fire-alarm boxes, all of which have to be made, put in place and kept in order by scores of busy Jacks-of-all-Trades.

And *holidays*!

Oh, you have no idea *how* many people a holiday keeps busy!

Once we each believed in a dear old Santa Claus who worked all the year round, up at the North Pole, making toys and dolls and Christmas candy, which Mrs. Santy tied up in neat packages, and which the prancing reindeer brought to our chimney-tops! Sometimes I wish this nice old myth were *true*, for it is so really jolly and merry—you just *can't* picture grinning old Santa Claus with a headache or a backache or a "nervous breakdown" from rushing, can you? But there are some real Santa Clauses whom we never see, not the jolly, merry kind for he or she is a Jack-of-all-Trades, who drops into bed at night with swollen, aching feet and tired, buzzing head because December 25th is drawing near. They are factory "hands," sales' clerks, bundle wrappers, delivery *men*, candy manufacturers, who would not be nearly so tired if you and all your family would "Shop Early," and then let them have the street cars to sit in on their way home. I have a feeling that the Friend of Little Children whose birthday comes on that date must feel rather sad about what He sees; one-half of His children all thrilled and excited over new toys and dolls and boxes of candy; the other half all cross and tired and sick from getting these things ready.

As for Easter, I couldn't *begin* to count all the Jack-of-

all-Trades who are kept busy as busy can be then. Some of them have to do such silly, *slimpsy* things: making glass eggs, pasting fuzzy yellow chickens, shaping plaster rabbits—foolish, useless articles that have the strangest way of disappearing the week after Easter, and nobody misses them! Yet I don't believe anyone but the Risen Lord Himself knows of all the busy, busy hands making lace collars and frills and fancy ribbons and artificial flowers and gloves and neckties, so that on Easter Sunday, while one-half of His followers kneel in church, gorgeous in fine new clothes, the other half are probably in bed, too tired and listless to move as they hear the church bells ringing. Like Mary in the garden on that first Easter morning, they, too, can say: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

So altogether, *living* isn't at all a simple matter, is it? There is one verse in the Bible that will always be packed with meaning for those of us who have just learned the world's secret: "None of us liveth unto himself."

If Comfortable People need Working People to *keep* them comfortable, then don't you think that Working People need something more from Comfortable People than just "pay" in cold, every-day money? I do! I think they need to have those of us who are comfortable understand how we get the things we eat and wear—the dangers, the discomforts and troubles that make up their lives. One can't know without being told which is the reason for this story book, written specially for *you!*

You will be very sorry about some things you read. You will be sorry that while you are comfortably going to school, or comfortably playing afterwards, so many other little children (one child in every forty) has to

give up school and playtimes entirely, to be busy, rushing Jacks-of-all-Trades all day long. That will not seem right to you. It is not right, either.

But, unfortunately, there are some very Comfortable Business Men whose hearts have gone fast asleep, while their fat, bulging pocketbooks have kept wide awake! To make these pocketbooks even fatter, they employ grown-up Jacks-of-all-Trades at wages so small that there isn't enough to feed or clothe the hungry, cold little sons and daughters at home. So then these very very Comfortable Business Men invite the little sons and daughters to work hard all day, for tiny sums of money which help the grown-up workers buy the necessary food and clothes. But they forget! They forget that, while they, themselves, are becoming very, very—oh, Far Too Comfortable, little Jack-of-all-Trades is growing up stunted, tired, ignorant, wicked and mad at the world. They forget, because it is pleasant to feel Comfortable and Important.

But you and I will not forget! I have told you the World's Secret, and you will grow up remembering the Unseen Workers who keep you comfortable. I think every evening this year you will remember to pray the prayer at the end of this chapter.

Then, when you are grown up into Important Business Men and Women yourselves, you will want to say to Jack-of-all-Trades: "Do let's all be Comfortable together, *both you and I!*"

And you will plan ways of doing it! I know you will! Then little Jacks-of-all-Trades can take time to be little school-boys and girls once more, and all over America we will all be saying: "None of us liveth unto himself but unto the Lord."

My Prayer



Our Father which art in Heaven, I thank Thee for my dear Father and Mother, my happy home and my good times. There are many children in this land who do not know Thee and who have no good times at all; they must live in dark, uncomfortable homes, and work hard every day to earn money for food and clothes, with no time to play. Wilt Thou bless and keep them and may they learn to know and love Thee.

Dear Friend of Little Children, please show me how to be friendly and helpful to these others in every way I possibly can, and may Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. AMEN.

II

"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"

This is the House that Jack built.

This is the dust that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the baby that rolled in the dust
that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the sister who "minded" the baby
that rolled in the dust
that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the mother, all tired and forlorn,
who called for the sister
who "minded" the baby
that rolled in the dust
that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the father, toiling and worn,
who gave rent to the mother, all tired and forlorn,
who called for the sister
who "minded" the baby
that rolled in the dust
that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the landlord who took with scorn
the rent which the father, toiling and worn,
gave to the mother, all tired and forlorn,
brought by the sister who "minded" the baby
that rolled in the dust
that lay in the House that Jack built.

BEFORE you get through with this chapter you will have met all these people who live in the House-that-Jack-built: the baby, the sister, the father and the mother, but I think first of all I'll introduce you to the Landlord and get over with it—for he

isn't very nice! Lots of Landlords aren't, and then again, any number of them are perfectly splendid, and ever so human. I suppose you know that a Landlord is a person who owns a building and rents it to someone else to live in, at so much a month. If you don't pay, why, *out you go!* That is business, and quite as business has to be.

But Landlords much too often don't care about *spending* money; only about *getting* it. And even when the roof begins to leak, and pipes burst, and the banister gets wobbly, and wall paper peels off in a discouraged way, and the tenant says: "Oh, Mr. Landlord, won't you *please* repair your roof and your waterpipes and your banister!" Even then some Landlords shake their heads "no" because they hope the broken places will last a little longer. It doesn't matter to them that leaky roofs and burst pipes bring colds and coughs, or broken banisters cause falls and sprains.

I dare say your own father knows something about how true this is, so you can imagine if Landlords who own nice attractive houses which Comfortable People rent are unwilling to make repairs, then Landlords who own ugly, unattractive houses, which some Working People rent are even *more* unwilling! That is one reason why poor Jack-of-all-Trades almost always has to live in a house where the paint is cracked off, the wallpaper is peeling away, the windows are broken, the floors are rickety, and the gas-jets crooked and dim.

Nobody likes a horrid home, not even Jack-of-all-Trades, who is away all day making things to keep us comfortable.

It is strange, but when busy people have a leisure moment or two to sit down and "pretend," they very often begin "*building castles in Spain*"—dream houses, where

they picture themselves living just as they have always wanted to live. Rich people think up marvelous palaces of marble and tapestry set in big green parks, guarded by enormous gates and high fences; studious people think up beautiful libraries lined with bookcases full of rare books and lovely pictures; city people dream of a cottage in the lovely country; and country people dream of brick houses in the city with trolley cars clashing and clanging before their front doors. We *all* do it, some time or other. And Jack-of-all-Trades is exactly like everybody else, only he knows better than any of us that the horrid part of dream houses comes when you stop pretending, then *bang!* the really truly house you live in looks shabbier and dingier than ever.

The trouble with Jack-of-all-Trades is that he has to live as near as he can to the place where he works, and if you will only recall what most factories look like, you can easily picture what dirty, uninteresting surroundings Jack has. When he looks *up* at the smoky sky he can see only great chimney-tops, like giant exclamation points, saying continually: "Look how busy we are inside this mill!" When he looks *across* at his neighbors he sees only dirty windows with torn, sagging curtains, and when he looks *down* at the street he sees rough little boys playing rough games, or untidy little girls "minding" dirty, wriggling babies.

I think it is then that Jack-of-all-Trades begins "pretending" the simplest of all dream houses: a tiny little bit of a place—oh, just a *pill-box* of a house, with a front yard the size of a *pocket handkerchief*, and a back yard just big enough for one of those merry-go-round clothes trees, under which his babies can play on green grass. Perhaps he is unselfish enough to "pretend" a whole street of such neat little homes, one for each of

his neighbors—a jolly little row of happy, clean homes, with a really-truly tree at each curb, with really-truly leaves making shadows on the sidewalks.

But even that simple, modest dream is an impossibility in crowded cities, where there is never an extra inch of room on any street. No, indeed, smoky, dingy factories rub elbows with equally smoky, dingy buildings called “Tenements,” in each room of which lives many and many a Jack-of-all-Trades.

A tenement building is just as though you took street after street of tiny little pill-box houses and piled them up on top of each other, story on story, like child’s blocks, until you had a tall ramshackle building, then you said: “Come on, Jack-of-all-Trades, choose what floor you want your room on. Call it ‘home’ and make the best of it. At least, it’s near your factory.” He knows that, for he sees the sooty smoke coming in his windows, making everything ugly and grimy.

So when you see a dingy, horrid tenement, packed with shabby, dirty people, you must never say, you mustn’t even *think*: “Oh, well, I guess it’s good enough for them! I don’t suppose they *know any better*.”

Remember instead, that there may be a neat little pretend-home tucked away in the dream corner of their minds, but that meanwhile they are too poor to rent better rooms, and too tired and busy all day to keep their shabby rooms very spick and span. Doubtless they feel a little mad at their Landlord who charges them so much and does so little; but to be quite fair, doubtless the Landlord gets mad at them for abusing the few rooms they have. For once there was a good Landlord who built a model tenement with a bathroom for every family, and windows in every room. Oh, a very neat place! Then

in moved an Italian family (it might have been a Russian or a Polish or a Hungarian family, of course) who never had seen a bath-tub before, so they *kept the coal in it!* That blackened and scratched the sides, and made the good Landlord wish he had never been good! But along came our Mrs. Missionary and took plenty of time to explain all about bath-tubs, and baths every day, and where coal should be kept, and now both the Landlord and the family are entirely happy.

But you must become acquainted with the Salamontes, who lived in a rickety old tenement whose Landlord was really only a Pocketbook, into which Rent disappeared, and a Voice that thundered "no" when you asked him to do anything.

To begin with, the Salamontes had not always lived in America. Like a great many other Jacks-of-all-Trades, they sailed over here in a boat with wild hopes of becoming exceedingly rich in a very little while.

They came from Italy, from a quaint old city called Naples. Perhaps you have seen pictures of the funny, narrow streets that walk up the hillsides where the poorer people live. Ropes stretched from window to window across these narrow streets are clothes-lines on which the gay family washing is hung to dry. The Salamontes' clothes were never all washed at once, because there weren't enough to go around *twice*, so Michelina and Angelina had to borrow their sisters' clothes while their own were washed—and Theresa and Marietta went to bed! That was because Michelina and Angelina did more important work. They went every morning with Tony to a little farm, outside Naples, where they picked vegetables which they stuffed in saddlebags hung on each side of their donkey. Then they led the donkey back into the

city and peddled the vegetables. They hardly earned enough to live, for even macaroni and black bread cost money, and counting the Bambino, there were eight in the family.

So one day, Papa Salamonte, who wore earrings in his ears and always used his elbows when he talked, said: "Next week, Tony and I, we sail for America to make our fortune. Then I send for you all."

Well!

It was like dropping lumps of ice down their backs.

Theresa cried. She was so little, and got scared easily: "In a big boat?" she sobbed.

"And how soon will you send for us?" asked Angelina, thrilled to think of leaving the stubborn little donkey behind.

"Oh, six months, maybe!" said Papa Salamonte, shrugging his shoulders and making gestures with his elbows which meant: "When once I get there money will pour into my pockets!"

"In America they wear hats, girls do!" Michelina whispered softly, dreaming a lovely dream.

But the day Papa Salamonte and Tony said good-bye nobody thought of hats or donkeys, or even money, it seemed so dreadful to lose them. Everybody cried, the Bambino loudest of all, although he didn't know what it was all about—but when there was crying to be done he certainly considered it his duty to help!

Then they all began waiting—waiting for the money, so they could go to America. None of them knew how to read or write, so whenever they got a letter from Papa Salamonte they all ran over to the Priest to hear him read it out loud. The letters did not sound at all gay. Money did *not* lie around on the streets of America; it was even

hard to earn it. Tony was working for a Padrone who gave him a push-cart full of bananas, which he trundled through the streets calling "Banan'! Banan'!" But even on lucky days when he sold every single banana the Padrone only gave him a very little money, and made him sleep in a shanty off his house, where the bananas were ripening, and then Tony had to buy poor food from him at a big price. Papa Salamonte himself was working on a street, repairing trolley-car tracks. It was hard work, but he was saving money *slowly*—far too slowly.

Angelina began to feel that she and the donkey were to be inseparable friends for all of her life! I forgot to tell you that they all lived and slept and ate in one room—the donkey, too. But he did not bray about it to the other donkeys who sold vegetables, because most of them lived right in with their families, too!

Then a letter came telling them that a queer old uncle of Mrs. Salamonte's had died, leaving her a stocking stuffed full of paper *liras*. A lira is worth twenty cents, and when the priest helped her count this unexpected fortune she found the old man had actually saved enough to send them all to America. She was so happy she spent several dollars for twelve big, tall candles to be burned in the cathedral, and gave the Priest money to pray for the soul of such a good uncle. Then she rolled up the family bedding (tucking inside an old candlestick and some lace doilies she had made years before), and when the next boat sailed for America six round-eyed persons, with shawls over their heads and ear-rings shining in their ears, were on deck, looking their last at the quaint old streets that walk up hill, and at Mt. Vesuvius, with a cloud always near its summit.

The next twelve days were horrible. People who come to America from over the sea are called immigrants, and

because they are poor they can only afford to live in the part of the ship that rocks the most. Michelina, who watched hard for two whole days, said she was quite sure the front end of the boat flapped one way and the back end the other way. But on the third day everybody was so sick it was of no consequence *what* happened to either end, until the glorious day when they landed at Ellis Island. Here doctors and various kinds of government inspectors make sure that immigrants are "healthy and wealthy and wise" enough to enter America and be no trouble to us. The Salamontes had lived out doors so much that in spite of sleeping eight in a room (not to mention the donkey) they were all *healthy*; and Mrs. Salamonte had some of her uncle's money stowed carefully away in her stocking, so that when the inspectors saw her wage-earning husband and son frantically waving on the other side of the railing they smilingly "passed" the whole family, and I will leave you to picture the happy meeting.

The next time we see them they will be in the Tenement-House-that-Jack-Built, where Papa Salamonte had rented *two* rooms. It sounded sumptuous after one room in Italy. There was no donkey to kick around and bray, either; so when they all began to feel a little poor, after buying a supply of second-hand beds, tables, chairs and dishes, and the Rent began to scare them, then they decided to take two boarders to sleep there daytimes. These were Italian men who worked all night long in a factory nearby, and slept all day in the same bed where Angelina and Michelina slept at night. It was not very *clean* to have them do that, nor was it very *nice* to have them snoring away while cooking and eating and living were going on, but the extra money did seem so very necessary to the poor family!

Rent is a strange thing; it seems to come due so much oftener than once a month. Not that it *really* does, but Mrs. Salamonte never could save quite enough money from week to week to pay the Landlord. One month she actually had nothing at all saved! That was the time when Tony gave up trundling his banana push cart and lost a whole week's wages looking for a place in a factory. The Landlord grunted and grumbled, but for a wonder actually let the rent go over for another month; not because he was kind, though, but because the Salamontes had not once complained, like former tenants, about the fact that the inner bedroom had *no windows at all*, or that the ceilings were so cracked that when the Frascati family living upstairs walked around, bits of plaster fell down on the Salamonte family below! At first, they were so frolicsome and happy at being together once more, that the falling plaster actually seemed funny to them! They made jokes about it; once when quite a big piece fell in his soup Papa Salamonte laughed till he cried, and said most men had to *buy* soup-bones, ha! ha! but their Landlord *included* them in the Rent.

But before another Rent day came around a dreadful thing happened: Papa Salamonte was run over by a street-car! He was bending over, cracking brick pavement loose from the tracks, and did not hear the motor-man's gong; then, looking up, dazed at the car suddenly on top of him, he was too slow in getting out of the way. An ambulance came and rushed him to the hospital, but there was no hope for any one so torn and tattered and mangled. When the frightened Salamontes stood around his bed, he managed to move his poor crushed arm over to his pay envelope: "Rent!" he gasped; and then, because he was such a dear, jolly soul he mustered up a tiny smile in spite of the pain: "Maka de Landlord fixa

dat ceilings!" he whispered, and that was the very last thing he said before he died.

The poor widow Salamonte made mourning earrings by tying some black crepe over the gold earrings of her girlhood; then she called Theresa who was "minding" the baby and gave her the last precious money to take to the Landlord for Rent. Then she knew *something* must be done, and done quickly, for only Tony was left now to bring home wages.

She soon began understanding what all the other families in this House-that-Jack-Built were so busy about day and night. Long before she had learned the families' names, both she and Angelina named the *doors* they passed on the long climb up to their floor.

There was the Door of the Nut Family, inside which the Cosenzas cracked walnuts all day, from six in the morning to ten at night, removing the nut meats, until their poor fingers were red and puffed and torn. The four-year-old boy had to work, too, and even poor Mr. Cosenza, who was dreadfully sick in bed with a cough, sometimes bit open nuts with his teeth for an hour or two. That is one reason, by the way, why your own mother does not dare buy nuts already cracked, she cannot tell where they were opened or whose sick, soiled fingers touched them. Sometimes Mrs. Cosenza would get mad at the baby and slap his cheeks because he kept dropping asleep and only earned five cents a day. "He coulda to maka ten centa, so he coulda," she boasted to our missionary once!

On that same floor was the Door of the Necktie Family. Mr. Girgenti had been sick in bed for years with a disease called tuberculosis, he was just able to help fold the pretty silks over the padded lining, while the rest of the family tacked in the folds, stitched on the store labels

and pressed them. You can imagine how they had to rush, for they only got fifteen cents for lining, turning and pressing a *dozen* neckties. There was always plenty of work for them to do, for I have heard that New York City alone needs *half a million neckties every day*—and even more at Christmas and Easter.

On the next floor above, Mrs. Salamonte had often passed the Door of the Lace Family. Stitch, stitch, stitch they crocheted, pell-mell, hour after hour. Mrs. Salamonte thought she could earn Rent money by crocheting, for she remembered the precious lace doilies she had brought over from Italy. So she hurried up to her own floor, got out the thread and needle, and crocheted day and night, until her eyes simply would not stay open and her fingers grew stiff. Angelina stayed home from school all the week, until finally one beautiful piece was done. It was so lovely that Mrs. Salamonte was proud to carry it down to Mrs. Belluni on the floor below. "How much do I get for a piece this size?" she asked in Italian.

Mrs. Belluni used her elbows in replying: "Thirty cents!" The elbows meant: "Oh, it's a hopeless way to earn rent money. The man who buys my lace gives me so little for it, but when he sells it to fine ladies—ah!—Big! Big price!"

Poor Mrs. Salamonte walked slowly and sadly upstairs with her thirty cents, and knew *lace* would not help her any. Then she passed the door of the Cagliari family; she went inside. They were making pink sateen roses. Five little girls and one little boy were working at a long table with their mother, while a very unbusinesslike baby wasted precious time crawling around on the dirty floor. But the seven other members of the Cagliari family sat with their eyes fastened to the table in front of them, where heaps of pink sateen petals were piled. With swift

movements, they each used the little finger of one hand to dip and paste, while with the other fingers they crumpled two or three bits of cloth about a wire, for a center; then they strung on five petals, each with a dab of paste from the little finger. They shaped and patted the petals into a cup-like nest, slipped the wire into a hollow green tube, and hooked the finished roses to dry on a line in front of them. Rose after rose, rose after rose,—the pile grew amazingly fast.

“How much you make?” asked Mrs. Salamonte.

“Eight cent for 144 roses,” said Mrs. Cagliari, not taking time to look up. “When we all work, we make four dollar a weeka.”

Four dollars sounded better than *thirty cents* to Mrs. Salamonte, so she hurried around to the flower factory and arranged with the boss to do home work. He was glad to get her, for it was near Easter time, when everyone wants new hats, and flowers were to be in style that year. He gave her a huge box of forget-me-nots to make up.

It looked so pretty and so easy; just running a wire through the blue cambric and dipping some paste on the end where the yellow center fitted. But nothing is much fun to do when you have to keep it up hour after hour, day after day.

The boss did not pay as much for forget-me-nots as for roses—only *three* cents for 144 flowers, so it seemed endless work to earn four dollars. Angelina, Michelina and Marietta rushed home from school and worked till late at night. Theresa lugged the baby in from the dusty hall and actually taught him how to make a forget-me-not,—it looked as well as anybody’s.

“After all, he’s most three years old,” she laughed. So

after that they made him work, too. They stopped calling him Bambino (baby) and gave him his real name, Giovanni (pronounced Jovanni), which is the Italian way of saying "John,"—so he is, I'm afraid, our tiniest Jack-of-all-Trades.

Whenever you see the pretty blue forget-me-nots which can be bought so cheaply at Easter-time at the five-and-ten-cent store, remember *him*, won't you? Remember his dear little brown eyes, that were becoming crossed from watching thin little wires go through little blue circles; remember his sleepy pout and the fact that he could only make 195 flowers in a day, which put *four* cents extra every night in the Salamonte purse, to help buy food and clothes and pay rent.

The Salamontes have worked in the House-that-Jack-Built fully four years, and in all that time neither the plaster, nor the paint, nor the dim gas-jets have been repaired. All four little girls and Giovanni stayed home from school *all day* finally, and it was there that our Missionary found them when she went a-visiting in the House-that-Jack-Built.

"Oh, how pretty you all look!" she exclaimed when she first came into the grimy room, because at a glance, the children did look very sweet with great bunches of dainty blue flowers everywhere.

But Mrs. Salamonte who had lost all her jolly smile said, bitterly: "No, Signora, I wish God not maka de real forgessamenots for us to copy!"

Then our Missionary *saw*. She saw four dear little Italian girls with tired white faces, all the play and joy gone out of them, their heavy eyes seeing only tiny blue flowers and wires, wires, wires. She knew they had no time for school now, their teacher had told her about

them. She saw little cross-eyed Giovanni, pale and wan and far too tiny.

"Giovanni is leetle because he maka de forgessamenots so long time. Sits and sits he does, and he keepa so small."

Our Missionary who had just been visiting the families who "did" nuts, neckties, lace and roses on her way up stairs, sighed a deep sigh as she remembered the stuffy rooms smelling of garlic and of people tightly packed in, she remembered the dark, unaired halls, the rickety floors and the busy rushing families making useless neckties, lace collars and silly artificial flowers for some of us to wear at Easter. And it seemed to her, as it seems to me, that those tired boys and girls were paying a very, very big Rent for that unattractive House-that-Jack-Built.

She knew that what was true in "Little Italy," the part of the town where the Italian tenements were, was also true in "Little Russia" and "Little Poland," where the Russians and Poles and Jews lived. She knew that one child out of every forty is working for its living, and that thirteen million children are outside of Sunday-school; and it made her walk faster, work harder, and love deeper because there was so much to be done to help the dear people who live in the House-that-Jack-Built.

III

"LITTLE JACK HORNER"

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Pulling out basting threads;
He pulled with his thumb, which helped him some,
As he dreamed of pillows and beds.

BUT it was such a long, long time before the basting threads were sewed into that dress, and there are so many stories tucked in the gathers of it, and so many Jack-of-all-Trades working busily that I want to take you on a little journey—let's call it "The Trip of the Cotton Dress," on which we will make four stop-offs.

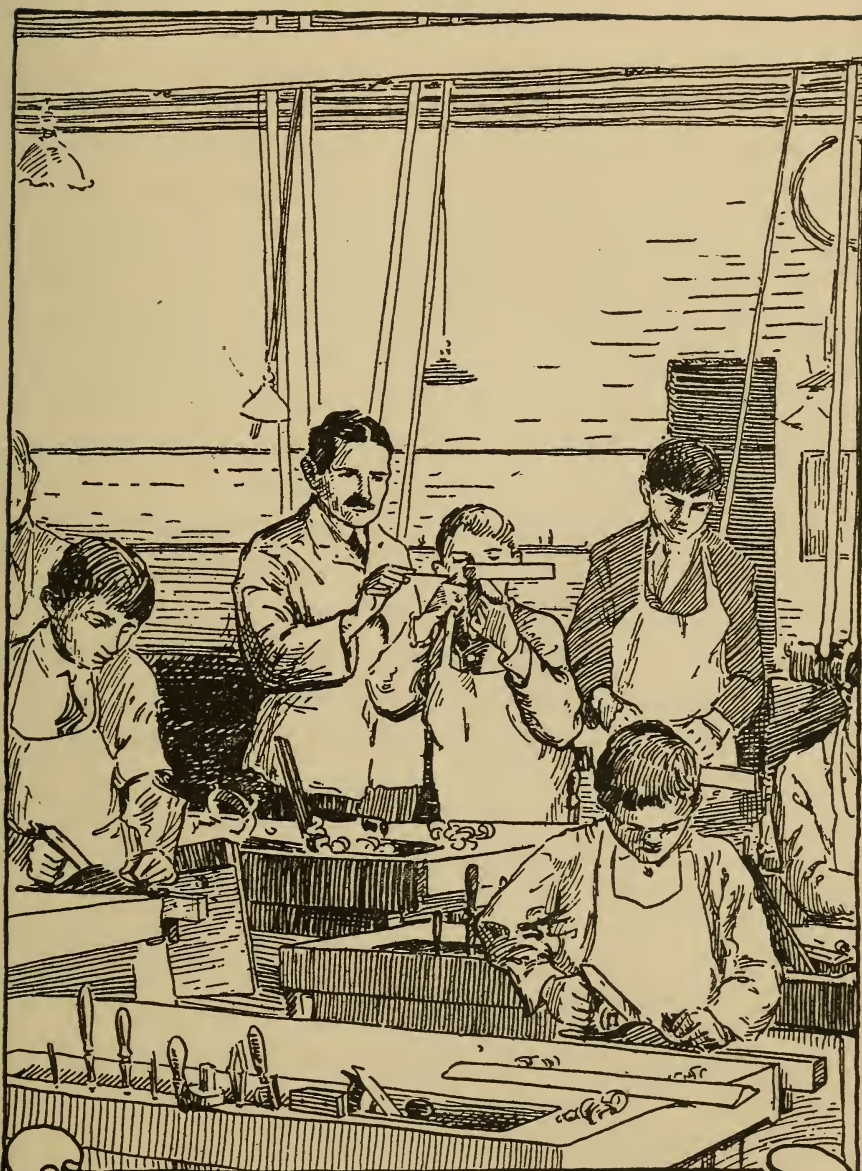
1. "WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE"

Cotton dresses begin being cotton dresses "way down south in Dixie," where they grow on *bushes*! For Dixie-land is the "land ob cotton," where Mammy Chloe, who is black as ink, and her four little piccaninnies, who are dreadfully black, too, spend all day long picking cotton bolls out in the cotton fields. Mammy Chloe wears a red bandanna handkerchief twisted around her head and tied in two funny knobs in front: so the little piccaninnies tie red handkerchiefs around *their* heads, too, and when you look at the cotton fields you see a red head bobbing up and down every few minutes, until you want to nickname these small Jack-of-all-Trades "*Johnny-jump-ups*!"

Watching them, it looks rather easy; nothing to it, but picking up fluffy bolls and piling them in a great bag; but you wouldn't enjoy doing it long—for the sun gets *very* hot on your head, and your back gets *very* tired, and your tongue gets *very* thirsty: long before noon you would be saying, piccaninny fashion, "Oh, Mammy Chloe, 'pears lak I bin a-pickin' powerful long time, ain't it *ever* gwine ter be night?"

Each child has a bag fitted to his shoulders to trail down his back, way down to his feet it hangs, and he thrusts the cotton into gaps in the bag. Up and down through the fields he crawls, dragging his bag after him. A quarter of a million children in Texas alone, lots and lots of them white children, too, of course. One-fifth of all the cotton in the world is grown in Texas. They even boast down there that the crops of their State would make a suit of clothes for every person in the world! I don't know how true that is, but I do know that many of these cotton pickers are entirely too tiny and young to be out there all day working, both little Negro piccaninies and little foreign Jacks-of-all-Trades, many of them Bohemians. "Johann" is the way of saying "Jack" in Bohemia, and it is too bad that a Bohemian father's income in Texas depends on the number of busy little Johanns he has out in the cotton fields.

"Even babies of four, properly prodded, and losing no time with teddy bears or afternoon naps, can pick from six to eight pounds a day; some boy of five, not fooling away his hours in a kindergarten, can pick *thirty* pounds. An older child of ten can pick *one hundred* pounds. Think of how many monotonous bendings and stuffings must go to the bagging of one hundred pounds of a fluffy mass like cotton! Think of the emptiness of a mind en-



The training of hand and
eye must supplement "book
learning" to make a well
rounded man

gaged in gathering together this nothingness all day long, from blistering August to bitter December.”*

For the trouble is that when the little black children do nothing but pick cotton for weeks and months and years they grow up without knowing how to read or write, or how to do anything else but pick *cotton*. And, of course, our beautiful America needs colored people who are as well educated as you and I are going to be when we get all grown up. That is the reason why the churches have schools in the cotton field country where these little black Jacks-of-the-Cotton-Trade can learn, not only how to read and write, but also how to do other things like cooking and sewing, if they are girls, or carpentering and farming, if they are boys. The grown-up people in our churches call these schools industrial schools; which means schools where children are taught carpentering and blacksmithing, cooking and sewing, as well as many other things; when the children who have studied in these schools get old enough to work they work honestly and well, because they have been taught how.

So much for the first stage of our “Trip of the Cotton Dress.”

2. “THY TEMPLED HILLS”

You remember those words in “America”:

I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and *templed hills*?

Way up in the mountains of South Carolina you will find just such hills where there stood a certain Lonely-House-that-Had-No-Neighbors! Tucked in among trees, with a mountain fairly *sitting* in the front yard and another in the back yard, the little House was lonely, as lonely could be. Nothing liked to grow on the steep hill-sides; potatoes were grouchy, corn and oats seemed to

*See p. 214, *Children in Bondage*, by Edwin Markham.

hate it,—in fact, it was all the poor Mountaineer Farmer could do to stick on there himself! One day he actually fell out of his own cornfield, it was so *very* steep!

So there wasn't much to eat in the house, and it kept *Jack* and *Jill* and their mother busy all day long, going *up the hill to fetch a pail of water*, "dipping" tallow candles, curing bacon, weaving cloth, knitting stockings and doing all the other things you have to do when you live in a Lonely-House-that-Has-No-Neighbors, no store, no *anything*, in fact, not even *roads*.

One day a man rode by on horseback. He had entirely lost his way, so he cantered up to the door of the Lonely House and halloood.

Jack and Jill shyly edged to the open door to see the Smiling Stranger who asked how he might get back on the main road, somehow he had lost his way.

At the sound of voices the Sunbonnet Baby and Sookie came bashfully around to the front of the house to see what was "up," and Delaware and Tennessee came over from the cornfield.

When the Stranger saw all these sturdy children he suddenly decided he wasn't in a hurry at all! In fact, he had plenty of time; and asked for a dipper of water as he swung off his horse.

As he drank it he said to the farmer and his wife: "I reckon you-all must have a mighty hard time working this farm and feeding these fine children, eh?"

That was enough to get the farmer started on his favorite disgruntled story about how hard it *was* to work his particular God-forsaken, hilly, desolate, etc., etc., etc., etc., farm! *It took a whole hour*, which was exactly what the Smiling Stranger wanted. He had plenty of time now!

"Well, that's too bad!" he said, when the farmer stopped a minute to light his corncob pipe. "But I know a place where you can easily go to live and remedy all that: a place where your children will have a school, good neighbors, lovely surroundings, a church and a little *easy, pleasant employment* for each one of you, where both you and they can earn enough money to pay for a little home and buy pretty clothes." Then *he* talked for an hour!

You can just imagine this *sounded like Heaven* to the lonely, discouraged farmer and his eager children.

"Where is this wonderful place?" they asked breathlessly.

"Why, it's the very town where I live," said the Stranger. "I'm interested in a cotton mill there. It will be like play for all these six strong children of yours to go to my mill every day. They will like it, and there will be good pay. The more children you have working in my mill, the less rent you have to pay for your house."

"Do tell!" gasped the astonished farmer. "I reckon it must be a fine place."

You should have seen them all put their heads together as they talked it over! Before the stranger left, the excited family had gladly promised to come to his town and work in his mill. But as he rode away there was a cruel smile on the lips of the Smiling Stranger, which nobody saw but the Friend of Little Children. *He hated it.* But the Lonely Family did not know; they were so wildly happy that nobody slept a wink that night, and a week later found them in the Stranger's town.

At first they were so thrilled at being in a town where there were lots of other houses and plenty of noise and bustle at *noon*, that they did not notice what a desolate, hideous place it really *was*.

There were a great many dirty, unpainted two-story shacks, each of which was inhabited by two families, and surrounded by a dismal yard, entirely sprinkled over with slag from the factory furnaces. Once in a while somebody, who still had a cheerful soul, tried to grow some flowers, but always somebody else, who had forgotten all about cheerfulness and beauty, would sweep all the rubbish from indoors right out on top of the flower beds,—such rubbish as ashes, old rags, barrel hoops, decayed vegetables, chicken feathers, tin cans, pieces of dirty paper. There it lay, and nobody ever came to clean it away. There was no grass, either, and the very sunshine was loaded down with soot and smoke belching from the factory chimneys.

Into one of these gray, dingy shacks the Mountain family moved. It was not at all "cheerful," the way the Smiling Stranger had said it would be, and it was certainly very sooty. But Jack and Jill said it was nice at last not to be in a Lonely-House-that-Had-no-Neighbors, so for a while the excitement of seeing people everywhere made them forget to miss the pure, fresh sunshine of the marvelous green mountains. They still had to go outdoors to "fetch a pail of water," it was not *up the hill* this time, but along a sidewalk gritty with slag from factory furnace. Their backyard was a large mud-puddle, over which hung a sagging clothesline, full of the washing of the "upstairs family."

At twelve o'clock the factory whistles blew a terrific blast, and out rushed the crowd of cotton-mill workers. Tired-looking men, women and children, with faces white and solemn and shoulders sagging. Their hair, their clothes, their very eyelashes were covered with fine flakes of lint, wisps of cotton; fibres of the great bolts of cotton they had been weaving inside the gates.

"I reckon we-all will be among them tomorrow," Jack whispered to Jill, excited.

"Oh, but some of us aren't old enough!" Jill said. "I'm 'leven, and you're ten, but the others is smaller, and Mammy says the factory only aims to take kids who are *tweayulve*!"

Jack laughed. "Pappy says that ain't no 'count! The Smiling Stranger told him to say as how we-all are *tweayulve*—and some of us older!"

Jack and Jill snickered. It seemed a huge joke to them just then that the nice Stranger would so kindly let them lie about their ages so they could *play* in his factory, when he knew the Sunbonnet Baby was only five, and Sookie seven and the twins eight! They thought it was a joke that the mill owner was going to pay them each twenty cents a day, while their older, wiser mother would only get thirty-nine cents a day. They thought it was a joke to earn all that money just for "playing."

But the next morning when the scream of the factory whistle shrieked and wailed at *half past four*, bidding everybody in Mill Town to get up in the dark, nothing seemed a huge joke to sleepy Jack and Jill! Hurrying half-dressed, unwashed, ill-fed, their whole family ran outdoors to join the slow, languid procession which dragged itself sleepily along toward the mill gates. The "boss" led them into the spinning room, a dreadfully hot, moist place, like a continual Turkish bath, which had to be kept that way so the cotton threads would always be limp and pliable.

Jack was told he would be a "doffer." This meant he had to stand in a narrow lane of busy machinery, lift the full spools of cotton off the frames, and put back empty ones in their places. It was not hard work, but he kept feeling choked and blinded by the clouds of lint forever

molting from the looms, and deafened by the jar and uproar of the giant machines, clashing, clanging, thundering—weaving cotton for our cotton dresses.

Tennessee, who was the eight-year-old boy twin, was to be a “sweeper,” to sweep the lint from the floors. It was not long before he was powdered all over with this lint from the looms—it got into his eyes, and up his nose, and tickled in his throat. He began to wonder where the “fun” was in *playing* in a mill!

But Jill and the three other girls had the hardest jobs of all as “spinners.” Penned in little narrow lanes, they had to look and leap and reach and tie broken threads among acres and acres of quickly moving looms. Always with the snow of choking lint in their scared faces and the loud thunder of clanking machinery in their dazed ears.

“Oh, this ain’t fun! I’m scart of catchin’ my fingers in the wheels,” sobbed the Sunbonnet Baby, for beside her worked a little girl with three fingers cut off already. “I don’t like playin’ this here game!”

“Me, neither,” shouted poor Jill.

But the Smiling Stranger who had brought them down from the mountains with evil promises of cheerfulness, knew they would work eleven hours day after day until they dropped from exhaustion and were no good to him any more. Then he would go riding up to some other Lonely House in the mountains and lure away more children. It was nothing to him that Jack and Jill, Sookie and the Sunbonnet Baby, Tennessee and Delaware were doing one monotonous, dreary thing minute after minute; abusing their eyes in watching the rushing threads, dwarfing their muscles in an eternity of tiresome movements, ruining their lungs by breathing flecks of flying cotton, often catching their fingers in the machinery, often fall-

ing sick and even dying because damp, moist air and lint are so bad to breathe.

I don't like to think that perhaps 40,000 little American children like Jack and Jill are employed in cotton mills, weaving cloth to make my cotton dresses, and bedspreads, and towels, and sheets, do you? I hate to think of all those children growing up in our beautiful America without school or playtime, or good health, don't you?

The churches north and south hate it, too! And every year ask us to send money to our mission schools in those mountains where the Lonely-Houses are, so that the mountain families can be taught not to go down to the mill towns. It is at these schools that some other Jack is taught things about a farm that his father never knew: how to plant one kind of vegetables one year, and another kind the next year, so enriching the soil.

Isn't that worth while?

As for some other Jill, oh, well; it would take a *whole book* to tell what our church schools teach Jill about cooking, and sewing, and nursing and teaching—and how to be neighborly. So, maybe, some day not a mountain family will want to go to a mill town, and the comfortable mill owners will have to pay mothers and fathers bigger wages, so their children can go to school and play. Then we won't have to think of the *mill* stage of our cotton dresses with a shudder.

3. MAKING THE DRESS.

After Negro mammies and piccaninnies have picked the cotton off the bushes, and hundreds of little Jacks and Jills have spun it into thread, and their grown-up parents have woven it into cloth and dyed it beautiful colors, then big bolts and bales of it are sent to factories in other cities.

Here expert cutters cut it up into all sorts of shapes, rapid basters baste the various parts together, rushing sewers stitch up the seams on machines: *zip! zip!* one seam is done; *zip! zip!* another seam; *g'lng! g'lng!* the hem is in; *g'rrr! g'rrr!* the sleeves are in, and lo! one dress is finished all but sewing on the buttons and pulling out the basting threads.

A garment factory is a busy, noisy place, full of whirring machinery and hurrying people, everything smelling of oil from the cogs and wheels of the machinery and of dye from the materials.

A great many people who make our clothes for us are Russian or Polish Jews. Ivan is one of them. That is the way to say Jack in Russian.

Years ago he lived across the sea in Russia, but because he was "only" a Jew he was not allowed to go outside his village, and he was taxed so much that he did not have money enough to buy food. It is dreadfully cold in Russia, but even in winter his quaint old mother carried her laundry work down to the frozen river, cracked the ice, and washed everything through the ice hole, kneeling on the ice. Her hands got red and chapped and she nearly froze, and nobody cared—but Ivan.

He didn't like it. He said he would go to America and get rich. But when he tried to get a permit to leave his village, they said no, he could not go, he must go in the Russian army and serve three years. When he asked the village authorities how his old mother would be supported, nobody cared—but Ivan. Or, maybe, Rebekah, for she and Ivan were in love and would marry when they could afford it.

Ivan knew about America. A boy could earn money there for an old mother and a sweetheart. So quietly one night he secretly slipped away, walking miles and

miles into Germany, where he got a train, then a boat which brought him over the ocean to New York.

Here he worked in a factory many years, making cotton dresses for you and me. He ate so little he got thin, but that did not trouble him, for every penny saved meant that he could send for those two dear ones in Russia. But when he finally had enough, Rebekah wrote that she could come, but his dear old mother had died.

He and Rebekah were married, and they were dreadfully poor. They lived in a gloomy, unattractive House-that-Jack-Built. They were too poor to have their one room all to themselves, so Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Solomon lived with them, with Isadore and Leah their children.

By and by there was a tiny little new Ivan in their home, and big Ivan was poorer than ever. So it was only natural that he should remember that after his factory got through making cotton dresses there were still basting threads to come out, and buttons to go on. He had seen hundreds of Jewish women come to the side door of the factory and receive a mammoth pile of dresses to be "finished." He had seen them staggering along the streets with them, hurrying home to earn money for rent and bread and clothes. So that is how our cotton dresses reach

4. LITTLE IVAN HÖRNER

For Rebekah, too, got a huge pile of dresses and hurried home to take out the bastings. Mrs. Solomon put on the buttons, Isadore and Leah helped, while the lazy baby crawled in between the finished and unfinished piles and cooed happily. But when he grew old enough they found he could pull out bastings as well as anybody, so it

was this sleepy little new Jack-of-all-Trades who was

Little Ivan Hörner
Sitting in a corner
Pulling out basting threads;
He pulled with his thumb, which helped him some,
As he dreamed of pillows and beds.

It was busily working that our Missionary always found them when she came to call. Among other things, she was teaching the women English, thinking they could surely get along more happily in America if they understood our language. You would have loved to hear the way they all liked our Missionary. It began with Leah and Isadore.

Said Leah, age nine, in the dark hallway: "Sooner I looks on you, Lady, I has an awful glad. I ain't never to kiss mit a 'Merican lady yet,—und I has loves mit you!"

Perhaps you can guess that dirty as this little Jew girl was, our Missionary was proud to kiss her. And they were always friends.

Even Isadore, who being a boy, and twelve years old, was less likely to be *rash*, said shyly: "To first I has a mad on you for being a Krisht" (Christian). "My papa, says he, 'You should better have no kind feelings over Krishts—I could to have a mad on you for liking with one.' Says he, 'you ain't so big like I could tell you how the Krishts makes bad mit us in Russia, how they robs us and keeps us in prison and spits on us. Krishts makes no kindnes mit nobody.'"

But our Missionary, so gentle, so neighborly, coming week after week, in rain or shine, teaching them to read English from the Bible,—every Jew in that tenement knew that this "Krisht" was different from those they knew in Russia!

They whispered their troubles to her. "We ain't got



"Wherewithal
shall we be clothed?"

no moneys for buy nothings," one mother would say, "und my husband he has all times a big scare he shouldn't to get no more." "I have a frightened, too," said another mother, "my little Josef he cough und cough,—and *hot*, how he is!"

So she comforted them, and nursed them, and loved them, and by and by it was only natural they should come to the "Krisht" mission, the Church mission settlement where Leah was in housekeeping classes, learning to cook and sew, and Isadore and Josef were in basketball classes learning to play fairly, and little Ivan was in story-telling classes.

Once he went home and said to Rebekah, his mother: "I tells you somethings. You can't for to have a mad on Jesus when all times He has such loving feelings on us."

I like to think that at each period of the making of our cotton dresses there may be some missionary teaching, helping, loving, climbing rickety stairs, making friends with the tired Jacks-of-all-Trades who pick the cotton, or weave it, or sew it up, who sew on buttons or pull out basting threads. I like to know our missionaries are representing us putting something cheerful in tired hearts: the love of Jesus, and the neighborliness of His followers.

IV.

“JACK AND THE BEANSTALK”

EVERYBODY likes a picnic! Especially a *family picnic!* The very mention of it brings up all sorts of nice memories in your mind: Of shoe-boxes full of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, of *almost* missing the boat, of getting lost, of being drenched in a thunder shower, etc.—Remember?

So perhaps you understand how little Jan Jackenowski was thrilled when he heard of the Picnic on which his family were to “Go to Beans,” as the other Polish families called it. “Jan” is the way the Poles say “John,” so you will understand at once that Jan is going to be a Jack-of-all-Trades for us when they all “Go to Beans,” only they really think it is going to be a Picnic. Didn’t the Padrone promise it would be? Why, of course he did! Over and over.

A Padrone is worse than a Landlord, lots worse, for, of course, any number of Landlords are wonderfully nice people, and *mean all right*, but a Padrone is hardly ever nice, and he *never* means all right! You are going to hear a good deal about him in this chapter; he is really sort of a Giant Ogre to poor families, and I only wish Jack could actually climb up to the top of some huge Beanstalk and live there, like the fairy-story Jack, for you will surely think that this Polish family lived in a perfectly horrid way at the *foot* of the beanstalks.

The Picnic was to take place in August, when picnics have a way of occurring.

Jan Jackenowski and his family had not been in America very long, only about nine months. They had left Poland in November because poor peasants were so oppressed and unhappy there. It was on Christmas Day when they landed at Ellis Island to be inspected. Now Christmas is just as much fun in Poland as anywhere else, so the Jackenowskis were feeling a bit blue and forlorn to think of doing anything as inconvenient as landing in a strange country on the biggest holiday of the year.

But it was not nearly so bad as they feared, for after all the Inspectors were through inspecting a very cheerful little lady, wearing a big apron with bulging pockets, met them and out of the pockets came the greatest lot of surprises: Dolls, horns, hair ribbons, neckties, a muffler for Papa Jackenowski and a handkerchief with a gay, red border for mother.

This cheerful lady was our Missionary, who knows a great many different languages and stays at Ellis Island to meet the lonely people who land there.

"Och, what a friendly place the United States is!" said Papa Jackenowski. "Everybody is friends on us at once. The gentlemen in uniforms that looked down our throats and inside our eyelids, were they not all smiles, as was also this kind lady? *Taag, Taag*, America is *dobra, dobra!*" (which is the Polish way of saying, "Yes, yes, America is fine, fine!").

So they went forth that Christmas morning with peace and trust, expecting to find everything else just as "dobra." They were disappointed quite often in the months that followed—their chilly rooms in the Tenement-House-that-Jack-Built were not "dobra," nei-

ther were the wages which Papa Jackenowski earned. He had a job as a *stevedore*, a "trade" which means loading or unloading the cargo which is stowed away inside a steamer. It is heavy, dangerous work. But when the Big War got worse steamers from Europe stopped coming to New York and in July he found himself with no job at all. Then came the Padrone, with his invitation to this "delightful picnic"—"A nice little family outing for you all, with the pleasant light work of picking beans—and good pay."

So off they went to the Bean Farm with forty other Poles. But the Picnic was a dreadful disappointment.

To begin with, the Padrone herded all these forty persons into one shanty, which had only *one* room, and he said they were all to sleep there and live there in their spare time: men, women, children. Of course it was horrid, for there were no partitions anywhere; each family had a "bunk" on the floor the size of which was determined by the number of persons in the family, also the number of families to share the floor space. These "bunks" were nothing more than shallow bins, the sides rising only ten or twelve inches, just enough to keep the straw and bedding in one bunk from spreading to the next. Their extra clothes had to hang from the rafters above, and it was *altogether horrid*, wasn't it? Especially when they came back from a long, hot day's work with beans and found this shanty crowded with noisy, curious strangers.

As for the beans, they were not a picnic, either! Everybody picked hard and fast all day long out in the broiling sun, or even *in the rain*, because they received so much money for each bushel picked at the end of the day. The slippery Padrone made everybody buy their food from him, and you may be sure he overcharged so

terribly that his pocketbook would have *burst* if he had not gone to bank very often!

Poor little Polish Jan-of-the-Beanstalk. It's no fun to pick beans until your back is all tired out and then be scolded by the Padrone as a "slow old *Polack!*"

After every bean was picked the Padrone next persuaded everyone of these Poles to go over to the factory where the beans were to be cooked and canned. They all needed the money badly, so away they went,—men, women, and children.

Stringing beans is not actually very hard work, no harder perhaps than throwing ball or jumping rope. But stringing beans continued hour after hour, from five in the morning to six at night, becomes racking to young muscles. Little Jan Jackenowski was frightened all the time to hear the rumble and clatter of the hissing steam, the jar and whirr of the clanking machinery, the rattle of the conveyors, and he hated the wet, sticky, slippery floors.

"Nothin' ever keeps still here!" he would yell across to his sister who stood across from him snipping beans—beans—beans.

Overhead there was the constant dropping of tin cans, one by one. It was up there that Jan's twelve-year-old sister put caps on *forty cans a minute* as they went flying by her on a moving board—wasn't that *quick work?* It made her eyes sting, and she felt *wound up* with the speed of it!

Papa and Mrs. Jackenowski made \$2.75 a day in that factory while Jan, being under ten, made 25 cents for ten hours' work (although toward night he kept falling asleep all the time; poor, little sleepy-head!). The other children made about seventy or eighty cents apiece.

All over our country there are Polish families, some

of whom "go to strawberries" in June, "go to peas and beans" in July, "go to tomatoes and corn and beets" in August, and then, having picked the vegetables, are rushed by the Padrones into factories to can them. There are over 4,000 canning plants in the United States. Some of the very largest of these do not employ a single child, they have wonderful machinery instead which does much quicker what Jan Jackenowski's little fingers try to do. But in perhaps 3,000 canning factories in Delaware, Maine, New Jersey, Maryland, and the Gulf States, there are busy little Polish and Italian children who snip our beans, pod our peas, peel our tomatoes, husk our corn, shuck our oysters, can our shrimps. Oysters and shrimps are so *frightfully* unpleasant to do; the heavy shells of the oysters tear the fingers, and the strange acid in the shrimps *eats right into* fingers and makes them too sore to use. Meanwhile there are anxious school-teachers who keep marking these children "absent," "absent," "absent," week after week, until they realize that children who "go to vegetables" rarely come back to school, but grow up dull and listless and stupid, the kind that America will never, never need!

You will be glad to know that about two years ago Papa Jackenowski got quite enough of "Picnics" with Padrones and came up to a New England village on the Connecticut River where he hired out to a farmer. It was an onion farm, and every time you see—or *smell!*—an onion I wish you would remember Jan Jackenowski's father! For I haven't a doubt that either he, or some other Polish father, spent ten hours on his knees in the black dirt planting, watering, weeding, to give us onions, and with him knelt Mrs. Jackenowski, the four girls, and Jan!

Poles are a wonderful people. Probably you already know the names of two *famous* Poles: Paderewski, the great pianist, and Chopin, the great musical composer. Every Pole can't be famous, but we have missionaries who are trying to show these Poles in America that everyone of them *can* be honest and useful and a good Christian citizen. Jan Jackenowski went to our little Polish mission in his town and once, when the teacher had a review lesson, this is the delicious way Jan proudly retold the story of the Good Samaritan:

"*Comes* walking a man,—Pole maybe, I thinks. Und comes *running* bad mens und joomps on him. Sooner they joomps on him they makes holes all over him und he most dies. *Goes* the bad mens, mit his watch und his knife und his pencil from silver, und he most dies some more. Then comes walking proud priest. Sooner he sees the man mit holes all over him, sooner he walks away *quick*. Comes walking nudder man. *Goes* quick, also. Comes riding good Sir American man. Sooner he sees, out he joomps. Hoists him into his auto—gently Teacher, and runs him to-er-er Free Dispensary perhaps, I thinks, und gives moneys on the Doctor. 'Cure my neighbor quick, und so I pays you more moneys,' he says. Und Teacher, sooner we sees anybody in troubles, he is neighbors on us, says Jesus, und we must be good Sir Americans on him quick."

Don't you think he "caught the point" of that story beautifully?

"*Give us this day our daily bread*"—how often we have all said those words which Jesus himself told us to use when we pray? Don't you like to know that He is the only one who really knows *all* the Jacks-of-all-Trades who plant, and water, and plough, and reap, and cook, and kill, and "can" to give us our daily bread? How



"Give us this day
our daily bread"

can I even tell you about so many thousands of them? I have already shown you how busy it keeps the little and big Polish Jacks-of-the-Vegetable-Trade to give us our vegetables, and in chapter one I told you how *many* people it took to give us our simple breakfast of orange, cereal, bread and an egg!

One of the things in your home that you love is *jelly*, I'm sure! And berries, too,—so I want to tell you a wee bit about the Unseen People who “go to berries” for us.

“Going berrying!” That sounds just as much fun as Jan's “family picnic” sounded, but the next time you have jelly or jam, or strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, blueberries, or gooseberries, please remember that all the way from New England to Florida is an army of *little* Jacks-of-the-Berry-Trade, picking, picking, picking among thorns in the marshes with the hot sun and mosquitos making them prickly and uncomfortable and a cross Padrone shouting, “Presto! Presto!” which is the Italian way of saying, “Quick! quick!”

Cranberries are such jolly-looking little marbles of berries and we always eat them on such cheerful occasions like Thanksgiving and Christmas that it is upsetting to find they aren't a bit jolly to pick! Lots and lots of Italian families “go to cranberries” in the *bogs* of New Jersey, such slushy, marshy bogs where the mosquitos nip cruelly. One thousand or more little Giovannis and Mariettas rush all day long and sleep at night in a miserable hut on a ramshackle cot.

But there is something sweeter than jelly that you sometimes spend a penny for after school, or receive in big boxes on birthdays or Christmas! Can you guess? Yes, *candy*. Don't you love the glistening piles of Christmas candy tinted and scented like lovely blossoms

in May? It seems as if such fairy candy must have just *grown*, or as if the May flowers had said: "Come on, let's be candy!" But three months before Christmas little candy factories begin calling in troops of children, mostly girls, to help make the tons and tons of candy we will all be eating later: red and white peppermint sticks, nice pudgy "suckers," glistening gum drops, dainty "buttercups," fascinating animals and engines from red and yellow transparent candy, dipped chocolates, and all the other kinds. It makes our mouths water to name them over!

Sonia Czarovitch thought dipping chocolates was almost as much fun, *at first*, as making mud pies: "just plunging a little tidbit of candy into a vat of boiling chocolate, fishing it out and setting it away, all neatly coated, to cool." They let her eat as much as she wanted at first, too, until there came that dreadful day when she "couldn't to swaller another candy drop, *never*, not if I lived to be seven hundred years old, honest-to-goodness!" And the fun all disappeared, too,—ten hours of bending over the vat of boiling chocolate with that sickening, sweetish smell in her nostrils all day, ten hours of setting endless little brown balls on endless trays, ten hours of burning cheeks and blistered knees where the hot vats burned her legs—it wasn't fun at all! Sonia's cousins were poor, and they came to the side-door of the factory and took home pounds and pounds of the candy to wrap, piece by piece, in paper and pack in boxes. So the cheaper the candy you buy the surer you may be that some little girl your own age helped make it for you,—missing school and playtimes, too.

And now we have "hugged" the eastern coast of our country long enough! I want to show you the kind of Jack-of-all-Trades who grow "things" out in the middle

west. If we only had a magic carpet, flap-flap! swish-swash! and we'd be whisked out there in a jiffy. We would see broad, waving fields of golden grain, which remind me of that verse of the "New America" we sing so often since the war:

"O beautiful for spacious skies,
For *amber waves of grain*,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea."

There are great stretches of rich farms all over North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky, where once there was nothing but howling wildernesses. Among the Jacks-of-the-Farming-Trade who have drained the low prairies, cut down the woods, cleared the fields and raised these wonderful crops of corn, and oats, and wheat are such fine, sturdy men as Hans from Holland, Johann from Sweden, Johannes from Germany, and plenty of Jacks from America, too. They live in Lonely-Farmhouses-that-stand-'mid-Golden-Grain and I want you to meet Johann Strauss, one of our Bohemian Jacks, who lives on a Wisconsin farm.

A good many years ago he and his father came over the sea from Bohemia; some wise Americans suggested their going west instead of trying to settle in some crowded city tenement. So they went way west to the Wisconsin farm and after years of ploughing, harvesting, and threshing they saved enough to send for the mother and sisters over in Bohemia. Over they sailed, with their queer, big bundles and shawls over their heads. At once they began to scrub up this "Lonely-Farmhouse-

'mid-the-Golden-Grain" until it glistened like snow, and they were all very happy.

Then along came a "Colporteur." Can you guess who he was? Well, he traveled in a wagon, like a Gypsy Caravaner, stopping at every single "Lonely-Farmhouse-'mid-the-Golden-Grain" (oh, *miles* apart they were!) to talk and *pray* with the people and leave them a Bible and tracts *in their own language* to read and think about afterwards.

It is a wonderful thing to be a Colporteur, which is simply a short way of saying in one word: "A-missionary-on-wheels-or-on-foot-carrying-Bible-literature." He's a welcome guest wherever he goes and the scattered families cherish every tiniest scrap of paper he leaves them to read during the long winter evenings. Isn't it fine we have such a special kind of missionary? And don't you just love to think that wherever he leaves a Bible some boy is going to read it, and think about it, and *live* it, so that not only will he be sending golden grain to American mills, but he will be giving himself a golden boy to make a finer American citizen—clean, pure, honest. Perhaps if the colporteur can go back another year he can inspire many young "Jacks" to go to school and college. We have many missionaries preaching in tiny chapels dotted here and there through the golden grain country who came from Lonely-Farmhouses once, and now in autos, or in farm wagons, the Lonely-Farmhouse families in Sunday best decorously "ride to meeting" of a Sunday morning and listen to these very boys grown up into splendid, earnest preachers.

While we are out west we must not overlook the Jacks-of-the-Cowboy-Trade, who raise cattle on great ranches, endless miles long. It is a wild, rough life and they become wild, rough men. We really ought to follow the

cattle to the stockyards, in Chicago, if possible, but I am afraid you would hate it there, where the great, strong-armed Jacks-of-the-Butcher-Trade kill the very animals which will come on our dinner tables some day as lamb chops, roast beef, bacon or pork. I hate to tell you that only three years ago over 300 children were counted in some of the stockyards, standing on sticky, dreadful floors learning to prepare meats for our table.

And now let's adopt some huge Seven League Boots and take one mammoth step from these unpleasant stockyards clear over the Rockies into beautiful California where there are people who "Go to Fruit": Grapes, raised by Italian Giovannis; dates and prunes by a Greek Johannis; lemons by a John Chinaman, and oranges by a polite little Japanese youth named "Ito."

Over in Japan people bow to each other continually and say extravagantly polite remarks such as: "Excellency, you flatter me by condescending to notice such an insignificant person!" So it was a continual surprise to Ito that absolutely *no one* was ever polite to him in America. They cursed him for being slow, out in the orange grove, they cheated him at his restaurant, the boys on the street teased him for his queer habits and appearance—*nobody* was polite. Then one day he was astonished: he passed one of our Japanese Missions in San Francisco, over the door of which was a sign saying in Japanese: "God is Love."

He was curious about that word *love* in America, of all places, so he wandered into the mission to see this Idol of Love and maybe burn a little incense. But better than an Idol, he found a Japanese missionary and his wife; they had a home nearby where Ito was warmly welcomed and they all became very good friends. He learned of the God of Love and while he was still (politely!)

astonished that the Americans he had met did not seem to serve this God, he politely forgave them and started afresh himself.

The next time we say grace at meals for our daily bread let us add a prayer for all these busy Jacks-of-all-Trades who have given us vegetables, meat, bread, jelly, fruit, and let us hope that each of them may always know by our actions that we are good "*Sir-American*" neighbors, as little Jan Jackenowski from Poland would say!

V.

"JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER."

IF the tenement chapter was *gray* and dingy, and the cotton chapter was *white* and linty, and the vegetable, meat and grain chapter was *green, red* and *yellow*, then this chapter about coal is going to be *black* and sooty.

In the first place even the *town* where a Jack-of-the-Coal-Trade lives is black, and it isn't as if there were only *one* such town, for there are thousands of them scattered all over Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Colorado, and other states. Perhaps there are more of them in Pennsylvania, for over 200,000 men and boys are busy in that one state getting us coal to make our homes comfortable in winter. You are going to meet one of these boys, Janós (pronounced Ya-nosh) is his name—the Hungarian way of saying Jack.

When Janós Czakó was only a baby, way over the sea in Austria-Hungary, he can dimly remember one day when his father kissed everybody goodbye three times around, after which nobody saw him for months and years. Probably you can guess what had happened! Mr. Czakó had left for America to earn more money to support his large family.

Two things made a big impression on Mr. Czakó soon after he landed here: one was—how very, very unim-

portant a little speck of a person he was in the crowds and crowds of busy, rushing persons. Nobody paid any attention to him except perhaps to scowl when he awkwardly jostled him in the street. He nearly died of the loneliness. Then he received his second impression!

He was riding in a crowded elevated train in New York when in got an immigrant woman. He could see in a minute she was not an American Lady—he knew from her dirty gingham apron, from the bright red shawl over her head, from her large, chapped hands that she was *his* sort. Yet when she stumbled into the crowded car, lurching around unable to reach a strap, up jumped a very splendid American Gentleman, who lifted his hat and said: “Won’t you take my seat?”

Mr. Czakó nearly fell through the window he was so surprised! For he had been “taking in” that Gentleman for fully ten minutes, admiring every inch of him, from his high silk hat to his shiny shoes. Some day he fervently hoped he, too, might own just such gray gloves, such a necktie and such an overcoat. So naturally he was astonished that such a Grand Person should become uncomfortable for the sake of giving a seat to such a very Humble Creature.

Then the thrill came! “*We are all equal here!*” he said to himself in Slavic, “I’ve always heard that about America. Nobody better than anybody else. That’s fine—America’s fine. And I’m going to be fine Gentleman like that myself. The folks won’t know me when they get here!” He fairly *glowed* with new resolutions.

Presently a very Fine American Lady got on the car and, since there was no seat, up jumped Mr. Czakó, snatching off his smashed old hat as he said in his best English: “Tak sit, Leddy.” How he beamed outside, and throbbed inside! But the very Fine Lady could not

have been a real Lady at all, for she entirely overlooked his friendly smile and saw only his torn, patched, greasy clothes, his dirty hands and his dinner pail. I suppose she hated to sit down where anyone like him had been. Anyhow, she ignored him, just as if he had been *thin air*, and pulling her skirts round her closely moved past him quickly further up in the car.

Mr. Czakó felt like a pricked bubble. All his joy and sparkle ebbed away. And he sank awkwardly back into the seat and felt lonely again. Luckily there was a Really-Truly Lady near him who saw the whole thing and knew how hurt he felt. So she planned a beautiful scheme when she found he was actually getting off where she was. She had her baby with her and there was a long flight of steps down which they must walk to reach the street below.

Smiling, she held out the baby to him. "Could you please carry the baby down for me?" she asked.

Could he? *Well!* The father of Janós took the dainty little white bundle into his arms and something divinely warm and friendly came into his heart. For he knew that a dear little clean white baby was infinitely more precious to its mother than any silk dress of any Fine Lady, yet this mother let him hold her precious bit of whiteness against his patched old working clothes, just to show she was friendly and kind, and that, *that* was American neighborliness!

He never forgot it. He whistled all day long, and indeed, during all that long, lonely winter when he left New York and went to work in a Pennsylvania coal mine, one of his pet dreams was of that dainty surprised baby cooing up into his face. But a strange change came into his thoughts. At first he fully expected to be that fine American Gentleman *himself*. But after a few months

down in the dirty, grimy coal mine he knew that no soap or scrubbing-brush could ever wash away the dirt and grime which had wedged themselves deep into his skin. So he merely shifted things over: "My little Janós, my baby—I will save and save, so *he* can grow up and be fine Gentleman. Sure, I save lots for him."

A coal mine is the most gigantic place: fearsome, dangerous, dark. When you get through reading this chapter run down into your cellar and look at the pile of coal with new eyes, as you make a mental picture of the mammoth Black-City-Under-the-Earth from which it was mined by strong, sturdy men, by Mr. Czakó. Remember, that early every morning he went to the great black hole of the mine and got in a big cage, which rapidly dropped down, down, down, *800 feet*, through the wooden shaft leading into utter blackness below. Bang! and he was landed in the Black-City-under-the-Earth, a city with sixty miles of long, black avenues; north, south, east, west stretched these tunnel-avenues, each several miles long, dimly lighted by electric bulbs. Through each avenue, called an "intake," was a track on which tiny cars were drawn by mules. Many cross streets intersected the main avenue, and opening from cross streets were "rooms" about ten by twelve feet.

Mr. Czakó and another miner worked in one of these black rooms together. They had tiny lamps in their caps, so they could see as they whacked great blows to loosen the walls of coal around them. All day they hewed away at those walls, piling the loosened pieces into little cars which the patient blind old mules carried to the mouth of the shaft. Very often they drilled holes into these walls of coal, filled them with explosives, lighted a fuse, and then rushed to the gangway for safety until after the explosion. This would sometimes loosen a ton or so.

But wasn't it a mysterious risky life to lead—way down there? More dangerous than you can guess, for at any moment the poisonous gases might choke them, or a blast might break a thin wall that held back a raging flood of water in which they might be drowned! Or, the ceiling of coal above their "room" might cave in, and bury them alive! Don't you think it was rather brave and wonderful, that in the midst of all this peril and gloom, Mr. Czakó still loved best his pet dream of little faraway Janós as an American Gentleman?

After years and years he saved enough to send for the family. He hired a shanty in Coal Town, oh, *such* a shanty! and oh, *such* a town! By this time he was used to the blackness and dirt, but the little Czakós from over the sea looked at it in horror and astonishment.

Sophie, who was eleven, stood in front of the shanty and asked in a shocked scared voice: "What do you suppose has happened? Just look at those tree stumps starting up from the ground! And aren't there any *real* trees? Or *real birds*? Or cows—or—things? What makes it so *awfully gone*?"

For the hills were yawning coal pits, black as ink. Great, gloomy dumps of grayish-black "culm" (refuse from the mines) stood all around these pits, where also loomed gigantic unstable-looking "breakers." And that was *all* she could see anywhere, except the dismal rows of shanties and shacks—the ugly "homes" of Coal Town. The alleys and gutters were littered with junk and garbage, tin cans, bottles, old shoes, broken crockery, stray rags.

"I hate it here!" she said to her mother. "Didn't we always hear that America was prettiness and parks and fine homes for everybody?"

Busy Mrs. Czakó looked out at the hideous landscape:

"Oh, well, some day we will be awful rich maybe, and we can move into a fine house somewhere else."

"But maybe someone else from home will come over here," said Sophie softly, "I feel so sorry for them."

Papa Czakó said nothing. Down in his heart he knew he could *never* get rich in Coal Town, but he took eight-year-old Janós on his knees.

"Little son," he whispered, "only boy I have, listen to thy father! Thou must be Gentleman some day. Fine Gentleman. Fine clothes, from wool, from silk, from white linen. Canes and shiny shoes thou must have. And always politeness. All over thee, politeness. Smiles and bowings. Kind feelings in the heart. But always bowings and smiles—so!"

Janós beamed all over his sooty face. You simply can't keep clean in Coal Town. "Good!" he cried, "I be gentleman. See!" and bowed as his father wanted him to bow, until inside that ugly wooden shanty there were shouts of happy laughter as the merry Czakós rejoiced that after all these lonely years they were together once more.

But the next morning when Janós watched his father get into the cage and sink down out of sight into the black coal pit, his heart seemed to sink with it. As he told our Missionary years later: "All the merry went out of me, when I seen him drop down the black hole. I knowed some day he couldn't to come back no more."

It was only about four months later that one day he *did* not come back. There was a terrible explosion in his part of the Black-City-Deep-Under-the-Earth, and a rushing stream of water filled the room where Mr. Czakó was working so suddenly that he had no time to escape, and he was drowned down there in the darkness.

It seems very dreadful to know that that happens often.

In one way, it can't be helped, because no one knows when it may happen. But, oh, how the Czakós cared!

It was then that Janós became a Jack-of-the-Coal-Trade, because he was the "man of the family" now.

"It's lucky I'm big for my age!" he sighed, and although he was only eight, he paid a quarter to some man who then swore Janós was *fourteen*, quite old enough to work: old enough to be a Giant-Killer!

What giants do you suppose there are in Coal Towns? First of all, there is the Giant *Poverty*, who keeps hungry stomachs empty and takes home away from families and clothes off their backs. Our little Hungarian Jack knew it would be hard to fight him. Rent, food, clothes all take *Money*, for money is the only sword you can use to fight the Giant Poverty.

There is the Giant *Terror*, too, who makes hearts afraid of accidents and sickness, of darkness and the frightful noisiness of grim machinery. Janós got to know this giant well, for every day there were terrible things to scare him. He remembered his father who wanted him to be a gentleman, he remembered his trusting mother and sisters and he found that love was the only sword he could use to kill that giant.

Worst of all, there was the Giant *Sin*, in Coal Town. A wicked giant that whispered in the hearts of tired Jacks-of-the-Coal-Trade: "Go to the saloon and drink, it will rest you"; or, "Oh, just *steal* something from the store, if you can't afford to buy; doesn't the storekeeper cheat *you* all the time?" Or, "Why give all your money to your family—*you* work for it, use it for yourself."

But Janós-the-Giant-Killer, eight years old, was brave and true, and yet it was not until our Missionary gave him a Pattern to live by that he ever really killed that Giant Sin. I will tell you about it in a minute.

Four days after his father died, Janós, swinging a dinner pail, walked early to the huge, tall, black "breaker," where he was to earn wages as a breaker-boy. After the coal has been hoisted up from the pit, it is dumped into tremendous cylinders called breakers, and crushed. Then it is run down long chutes into a heap for hauling. The coal has slate and slag mixed in with it, and it is the job of the breaker-boys to pick these out of the flying stream as it dashes down the chutes.

Janós was shown how he must sit humped up on a rough cross-beam, straddling this rushing coal, his feet planted in the chute to guide the coal. Black dust like a fog rose from the coal going pell-mell down the slide,—this dust got down his throat, it gritted into his skin, it burned in his eyes. He wore a miner's lamp fastened in his cap, which made a little halo of light around his frightened face so he could see the clinkers in the rushing coal. There he sat all day, bending, reaching, flinging aside the refuse, getting his hands cut and bruised! All day long his ears were deafened by the ceaseless swishing and sledging and snorting of the machinery as it hoisted, and crushed, and sorted the coal. Do you wonder he got to know the Giant Terror? Not only terror for his own safety, but terror lest he be crippled and unable to earn his precious sixty cents a day for the family.

Sixty cents a day means three dollars and sixty cents a week, or fourteen dollars and forty cents a month. They paid six dollars a month as rent for the ramshackle shanty, so it left only a little over eight dollars for food and clothes for the seven of them. *Not nearly enough*, of course. So then Maria, Sophie, Annie and even little Teresa went into the silk mill as workers.

In Pennsylvania coal towns there are usually silk mills

which lure the girls from playtimes and school. They earn very little money in comparison to the priceless things they give: their *eyesight*, for instance, which is injured by watching rushing threads all day long; their *health*, which is never the same after being in the hot, damp atmosphere; their tired, aching *backs* and their swollen *feet*.

Just when Mrs. Czakó was feeling most friendless and most worried about her tired, pale family, our Missionary called. She brought an unknown amount of cheer into that family. To begin with, she spoke Slavic, and she understood about everything at a glance. She helped Mrs. Czakó to nurse little Teresa, who had had a bad accident to her arm in the silk mill. She got the family to join clubs in the mission, where they not only played games together with other children their ages, but learned useful things, like sewing and cooking. The baby and little Olivia went into the mission kindergarten, Mrs. Czakó went to the Mothers' Club. Janós alone held aloof at first.

"Too black!" he said to the missionary, ashamed, holding out his rough, torn, black hands and pointing to his sooty face.

But she knew a thing or two! She took both his hands in hers, and smiled into his lonely eyes: "The black looks beautiful to me because you are doing it for some one else, unselfishly. At the mission we show boys how to keep *white inside*—There is a Pattern."

Then Janós understood that this was his chance for living out his father's dream of some day being a Gentleman. He timidly whispered about it to the Missionary: "Can youse learn me how to be one of them?" he asked. "Will that there Pattern you told on help me?"

The "Pattern" did help him. It will help any boy

who really *wants* to be a Giant-Killer. The next time you feel the heat warming your house in cold weather, remember Janós, the patient little "breaker-boy" with the black face, but the white soul. And pray that the Missionary may find the way to make the one great Pattern a living personal Friend to each breaker-boy in the town.

Much as we all need coal, we need steel just as badly. But we can't get steel until several hundred raging coke ovens have melted iron ore, and I want to give you a little glimpse of one of those coke furnaces so that when you see a needle, or a pen, or a knife, or a typewriter, or a car-track, or a steel car you will say to yourself: "*Steel* needed coke ovens, and *coke ovens* needed Giant-Killers, and Giant-Killers need *Christ*."

I used to like to read about the three men in the Fiery Furnace. I used to *think* and *think* about it: How brave it was not to be afraid, to prefer death rather than deny God. But there are Jacks-of-the-Steel-Trade today who never say the name of God, except as a *curse*, who spend all their lives stoking giant furnaces all day long. Dripping with perspiration, exhausted with the frightful heat, they do it to give us needles to sew our clothes, compasses to guide our ships, knives to cut our food, nails and screws to build our homes, shovels to dig our gardens, cars to travel in, boats to sail in. They live in very desolate, ugly towns, with few pleasures and many sorrows. There are missionaries in those towns, too,—not nearly enough to go around, but a few who work as hard as ever they can to spread the extra cheerfulness that always comes into the home where Christ is.

I think they are Giant-Killers, too, don't you? And aren't you rather glad that you can "do your bit" to whack at these giants of Poverty, Terror and Sin who haunt

the homes of miners? For you remember that when Jesus was here among men He said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



Paradise Alley-
no sun, no frontyard.
no grass, no place for play

VI

"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL BOY"

UNDER my window as I write are a little girl and a little boy, neighbors of mine.

Says Johnnie: "I'll be the Engineer and you be the Passenger."

Barbara answers: "Oh, I don't want to, Johnnie! I'm *always* the Passenger, and I keep falling off. You let *me* be Engineer."

Johnnie yanks the sled up the steps and lets her be Engineer, *once*. I hear her dear little voice screaming: "All aboard for New York, San Fr'isco and Halifax."

She doesn't know a thing about geography yet, you see, or she would know that one train would have a dreadful time going to all three places in one trip! But she has heard about these cities, and they make *wonderful* names to yell at Passengers, as she collects tickets. Johnnie's ticket is a lump of snow, when she "punches" it, it quite disappears! Then the Engineer gets on in front to steer, and the poor Passenger takes what is left of the sled. Off they go, sliding down the front walk—when they first stop, *that's New York!* Then the Engineer vigorously prods her heels into the snow, and off they start for San Francisco. They play that way all day long—Johnnie and Barbara, my neighbors. *I love it!* In sum-

mer they use the swing in the backyard to travel in, for they're *great travelers*—they've been *everywhere* on these "pretend" journeys. Their cheeks are rosy with the fresh air, and there's room for them to play safely on our lawns and sidewalks.

That is because Johnnie and Barbara are Comfortable Children. They don't have to make forget-me-nots, or snip beans, or pull bastings, they don't even dress themselves yet, because they're only four and five years old. But Giovanni and Ivan were lots younger than that when they became Jacks-of-a-Trade, weren't they?

Across the street from me is a girl of fourteen who plays tennis in summer, and skates in winter, every day after school. She is a big strapping, healthy girl—just a dear! Rosy cheeks and a merry smile. She does not have to put tin tops on forty tin cans a minute, hour after hour, or run a sewing machine *g'rrr* up one seam and *g'lng* down another, pell-mell. Her mother just wants her to play, and *play*, and *PLAY*. She can see it is making her into a fine, strong girl, the kind America will need some day to be a wife and a mother and a helper everywhere.

Down in their hearts, mothers are all like that. They want the best things for their children. I don't believe the mothers of Giovanni and Ivan and Jan *wanted* them to work all day in dark, stuffy rooms, to grow up dwarfed and cheerless and dull, do you? It was because a Landlord must have rent, and a Padrone could overwork them, and a Business Man underpaid them, that they *had* to call in the children from play to earn some extra money: "Come Ivan, pull out basting threads fur mudder!" or, "Hustle up, Jan, pick de beans faster, sooner I sees you gazin' off to butterflies again, I licks you sure!" or, "Gio-

vanni, maka de forgess-a-me-nots presto, dat's a good leetle boy."

And what do they play when there's time for it—these tired little Jacks-of-all-Trades who live in gloomy tenements, down back alleys, in miserable shacks by dismal dump hills? *Just what you play! Exactly!* Little girls are being mothers to shabby little headless dolls—perhaps little *clothespin* dolls, wrapped up in dirty rags. They cuddle them, and sing them to sleep, because little girls' arms are *made for dolls*, just as mothers' arms are made for babies. A Mrs. Missionary I know told me that once in a dingy, sooty mining town she met little Minna Szenvey clasping to her breast the most forlorn, scrawny kitten in the world. But Minna, who never had owned a doll, or a teddy bear, was beaming all over her sooty face.

Olga Dobsa always dreamed of owning a growing flower *sometime*, and on Easter Sunday at our mission they had given out seeds for each child to plant at home. There was no back yard but *ash barrels* where she lived, and no front yard but *sidewalks*, so she filled an old box with earth and planted her precious seeds there. She set the box on a window sill opening on the dingy court, where the sun only rested about twenty minutes a day.

Two weeks later when the Missionary came to call, Olga had a request: "Could you to do favors on me?" she asked timidly.

"Of course, I will, dear," the Missionary said. "What can I do?"

"I wants as how you should make me a sign what reads '*KEEP OFF THE GRASS*' in big words, like what it says by parks. So I puts it on my new garden. Sooner my brudder und my uncles und our boarders comes back from de factory for sleepings, they makes

them jokes mit my garden—bad jokes, Leddy. They pokes at it mit fingers, und spits at it. You could to help me mit signs.”

So the Missionary printed in big black letters “Keep Off the Grass,” but she could hardly see the words, her eyes were so blurred with tears about this poor, feeble, little shoe-box garden in a sunless window, four stories up from the cluttered courtyard.

Not one of these children *wants* to grow up “dull.” The boys dream of baseball and skating and being president some day, but “going to beans” and being a “coal-breaker” ends many a dream, *zip-bang!* You can imagine how doing one monotonous thing over and over all day tires them out.

But playtime-play isn’t *all* the play there is: for lots of our lessons are play, too. My neighbors, Johnnie and Barbara are going to enjoy geography immensely, because they’ve played going to all the big cities there are! The Girl-Who-Skates likes Physics, because she wonders what makes ice, anyhow! Most lessons are stories, and they make us grow up brighter and wider-awake. The pity of it is that little Jack-of-all-Trades has to miss school, too. If it’s bad for *him* to grow up “dull,” it’s just as bad for America, for we don’t need ignorant, stupid people here.

It is very nice to know that there are quantities and quantities of Important Comfortable People who *care*; they care so much that they generously give all their time and money and thought to changing as many of these wrongs as they can. They have appointed various persons and formed certain societies to help Jacks-of-all-Trades. Let me introduce you to some of them.

There is first of all the “*TRUANT OFFICER*” in your town, who goes around to see that every child under

fourteen goes to school. For even under fourteen, you can learn enough to keep you from growing up entirely "dull." But dear me! Jack and Jill in the cotton-mill, and Janós in the coal-breaker, children of eight, and ten and twelve are taught to say they are "Fourteen, Sir!" So it prevents these busy officers from helping many and many a child.

There is the "*CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE*" in your town, which helps Jack-of-all-Trades by trying to have laws passed in every state forbidding any child *under fourteen* to work; and ordering that those *over fourteen* must work in safe places and under proper surroundings. It is slow work, because there are still lots of Very, Very Comfortable Business Men who don't care a rap for the unseen Jacks-of-their-Trades, if only their pocketbooks get fuller and fuller. One such man who employed hundreds of children *under twelve* and paid them tiny wages said to a kind Child Labor Chairman: "What does it matter, anyhow, it isn't as if they were American-born children, *they're only Immigrants!*"

So in our towns we often have an "*AMERICANIZATION COMMITTEE*" to show us all how to feel neighborly to Immigrants, and realize that they *matter* just as much as anybody else. I am sure you know where the city of Detroit is, so you may be interested to know that there this committee has challenged the women of that city to:

1. Put one immigrant family on your calling list.
2. Teach one foreign-born mother English.
3. Get one immigrant to become a citizen.
4. Americanize one immigrant woman.

There is also in your town "*THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHIL-*

DREN," which has authority, with the police, to make drunken fathers, cross, tired, thoughtless mothers, cruel, slippery *Padrones*, and other law-breaking persons treat little Jack-of-all-Trades properly.

Another rather *new* aid to young Jacks-of-all-Trades is called the "*JUVENILE COURT*." Dull boys, who neither play, nor go to school, are very apt to become criminals—that means stealing, gambling, drinking, lying, cheating—doing all sorts of wrong things. Some years ago a cross policeman dragged such children into the Regular Court, where a stiff, proper Judge sat judging all the grown-up criminals. But it occurred to some of our Important Citizens that this was all wrong, because half the time the proper Judge for grown-up criminals probably did not understand wicked children at all; moreover, it was bad for such children to be in prison with grown-up wrong-doers, who put even worse ideas in their heads. So they decided to have a Juvenile Court especially for children, with a Judge who understood children, and could therefore think up wiser punishments than clapping them into a prison cell! These children's Judges discovered that sending bad boys and girls out in the country to work on farms did wonders for them. "Reformatories" we call such places, because they *make children over*, and can often send them home after a few years to be safe and honorable citizens.

Then other, even wiser, Important People said: "But why *let* these street boys and girls become criminals? It's because they have no decent homes and no nice place to go that they drift into trouble. Let's form clubs and playgrounds for them." I could hardly give *one* big name to all these people, there are so many of them everywhere: clubs in social settlements, Y. W. C. A. clubs, Y. M. C. A. clubs, Church clubs, mission clubs, mission



"Extry!
All about
the Big Fire!"

playgrounds, school and city playgrounds. All to save young Jack-of-all-Trades from becoming wicked and wild.

Once I heard of a Comfortable Old Gentleman who was asked to give money for a Street Boys' Club. He said, rather crossly: "No, sir, I give no money for kids like that—why, their work is only *play*, anyhow!"

I wonder?

Let's pretend for the minute that the street boys' work is play. It wouldn't be at all hard to pretend that the newsboys were playing "Eye Spy!" Here's a wideawake little Jack: *Eye-Spy*, he sees a man coming: "Piper, mister? 'Xtry—all about the big fire! Yes, sir, two cents." Slipping the money in his pocket, *Eye-Spy*, he quickly flies over to another man: "Got your piper, sir." Then like a streak of lighting, *Eye-Spy* again, he dashes through the jam of autos, trucks, bicycles, to swing himself on a street car where someone whistled for a paper. One second he perches there like a bird, then jumps off while the car is rushing ahead, and quick as a flash he skims away to other buyers, *Eye-Spy* here and *Eye-Spy* there, calling in his shrill voice: "Piper! Piper, mister! 'Xtry, all about the big fire!"

Jack pays \$1.40 for one hundred papers, so if he sells them all he makes sixty cents. But it may take hours and hours to sell them all. In the winter, city streets are *burrurr!* so cold! Haven't you ever seen the little newsies gather on the gratings in front of business buildings where big electric fans indoors are forcing the hot, foul air outdoors? Here they huddle shivering, telling horrid jokes to each other, and catching terrible colds from breathing those blasts of bad, hot air.

Then in summer, surely you have seen the little newsies sitting on the sidewalk, in the shade, playing an absorbing

game either with marbles or with cards. These are gambling games, money for each point, and some boy always has to lose what he has earned, or else how could another boy win?

At first, perhaps, our Jack won't play.

"Well, watcher do wid yer coin then, Kid?" the other newsies ask him.

"Gives it to me mudder," Jack says.

"*Mommer's Boy! Mommer's Boy!*" they taunt him. "Aw, come on and play craps."

"I dassn't," he says, knowing only too well how every penny is needed at home for food or rent.

But the memory of those sneering voices: "*Mommer's Boy*" follows him wherever he dashes *Eye-Spy* through the crowds,—and one day, he plays. *And he loses!* Then he goes home and lies about it.

"Say, whatcher think? A feller comes up and soaks me—takes every cent I got," he whines, to explain why he has nothing in his pocket for the family purse!

The next time he loses, he dreads lying again, so he steals some food from a store, all he dares "swipe," and gives it to his mother, pretending he bought it. That is the way the *Eye-Spy* boys go wrong, step by step, until our Jack is a tough little thief, and liar, and gambler, afraid to see a policeman coming.

One day a man walks up to Jack.

"Hello, sonny. Give me a '*Herald*,' will you?" Then: "What are you going to do tonight?"

"Dunno! Fool 'round wid de fellers."

"Look here, I know a place where twenty boys are going to play games tonight. How about my coming for you, and we'll go together?"

Jack looks the man over. "Sure!" he says, a little bored, a little excited. "Me fer tryin' anything onct.

Bet it's a saloon. Last time I goes to a saloon, mister, say, I gets so drunk I dassn't go home."

The man frowns. "No, this isn't a saloon, sonny. What hour shall I stop for you?"

They make a date and the man walks off.

"Who's de guy?" asks an envious newsy.

Jack swaggers: "O me newest friend wat lives on Fifth Avenoo—he's axed me to his diggings tonight, too. Whatcher know about that? 'Xtry! 'Xtry! All about the big explosion!"

Have you guessed that the man was a Missionary, and that the place "finer than a saloon" was a mission playground for just such wild little *Eye-Spy* Jacks-of-the-Street-Trade as he? It was just a simple place, where boys could play games, basketball, too, and sing songs, with occasional "eats," and stories about men who had *done things worthwhile*, always men who had followed the Great Pattern of Mankind, Jesus Christ.

There were "*Tag! You're It*" boys in that mission, too—do you know them? Oh, yes, you do! They are the messenger boys, Jacks who wear blue uniforms and deliver yellow envelopes marked "Telegram" all over your town. All day long you can find them sitting around yawning in telegraph offices, waiting for a telegram that needs to be delivered, and reading cheap "dime novels"—wildly exciting horrid stories of absurd things that never could, would or should happen. "*Tick-ticki-tick*" comes a telegram over the wires, then Tag!-You're-It! off dashes Jack to play this business game of "Hide and Go Seek." But the worst part of his work comes at night when you and I are in bed, for then they work for the "Dreadfully Wicked People" who live in every town, and who are widest awake when good people sleep. It isn't right.

for any boy to carry messages to Bad People, he only learns to be bad himself, and the only thing it fits him to be is a jailbird! So when a mission playground can catch an occasional Tag!-You're-It Boy, they help our beautiful America to have one more clean, honest citizen.

Once in a while a "Ring-Around-a-Rosy"-Jack strays into the mission. You've seen him, I know: a little Greek boy whom a Padrone (remember?) keeps on the street selling flowers that are too old for the shops, or maybe, you've seen him selling fruit at a street fruit-stand. He rarely has any time to spare for playing anywhere, though, because Padrones always keep their workers rushing busily all day long.

I think I am sorriest of all for the "Blind-Man's-Buff"-Jacks, though. Whenever I see a bootblack with his polishing rag stretched wide out, one end in each hand, it *always* looks to me as if perhaps he were just going to clap it around his head and tie it there as they do in Blind Man's Buff! He really might just as well do that, for the bootblack Jacks see nothing but feet, feet, feet all day long, as they kneel in front of footstools. High up above them in raised chairs sit the *Gentlemen-Who-Are-Always-in-a-Hurry*, so they shine, shine, shine, pell-mell, hardly taking time to look up at the faces of these hurried customers. They are afraid of the Padrone, too, such a comfortable oily Padrone with a diamond stickpin and a cruel heart, who does not care that these boys have no time to themselves, no time to play, or learn, or rest. So much for some of the street boys whom clubs and playgrounds help keep from becoming bad.

When summer comes with its hot, sultry days, which are hotter and stickier and harder to bear down where there are the Tenement-Houses-That-Jack-Built, then the "FRESH AIR FUND" sends the tireddest, sickest little

Jacks-of-all-Trades out into the sweet, green country for two weeks. Oh, how they love it! Minna Szenvey finds the world has more kittens and puppies and lambs and cows than she ever dared dream: dear, lazy, happy animals that placidly exist all through the drowsy days, and never slink away when little girls come near. Olga Dobsa looks all day long, but never finds a "Keep Off the Grass Sign" in a single meadow! She even thinks the friendly daisies and buttercups are nodding their heads at *her*, when the breezes blow.

"Und de flowers grows mit *colors all over them*, from yellow, from pink, from blue; and nobody slaps you as they does by parks und says 'You dassn't to pick them.' It's like it is by Heaven, I guess," Olga told her sisters when she got home to the broiling city.

I think the Friend of Little Children must especially bless all these Comfortable People who are willing to be a bit uncomfortable in order to make life happier for Jacks-of-all-Trades. We know how Jesus felt about children, for when He was here among men, He said one day: "Whosoever offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the midst of the sea. For it is not the will of your Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

We can't help but see that our Missions, where Jack-of-all-Trades learns to put the love of Jesus in his heart, do the *most* good of all these fine societies. For loving Jesus means *serving* Him, and the only way to serve Jesus is to help spread His Kingdom *by living as He lived*: being kind, honest, truthful, neighborly, even uncomfortable at times. He is the One Great Pattern, and those of us who are Comfortable are to walk hand-in-hand with Jack-of-all-Trades, making our America beautiful because

we all "study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2005

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 171 645 0

